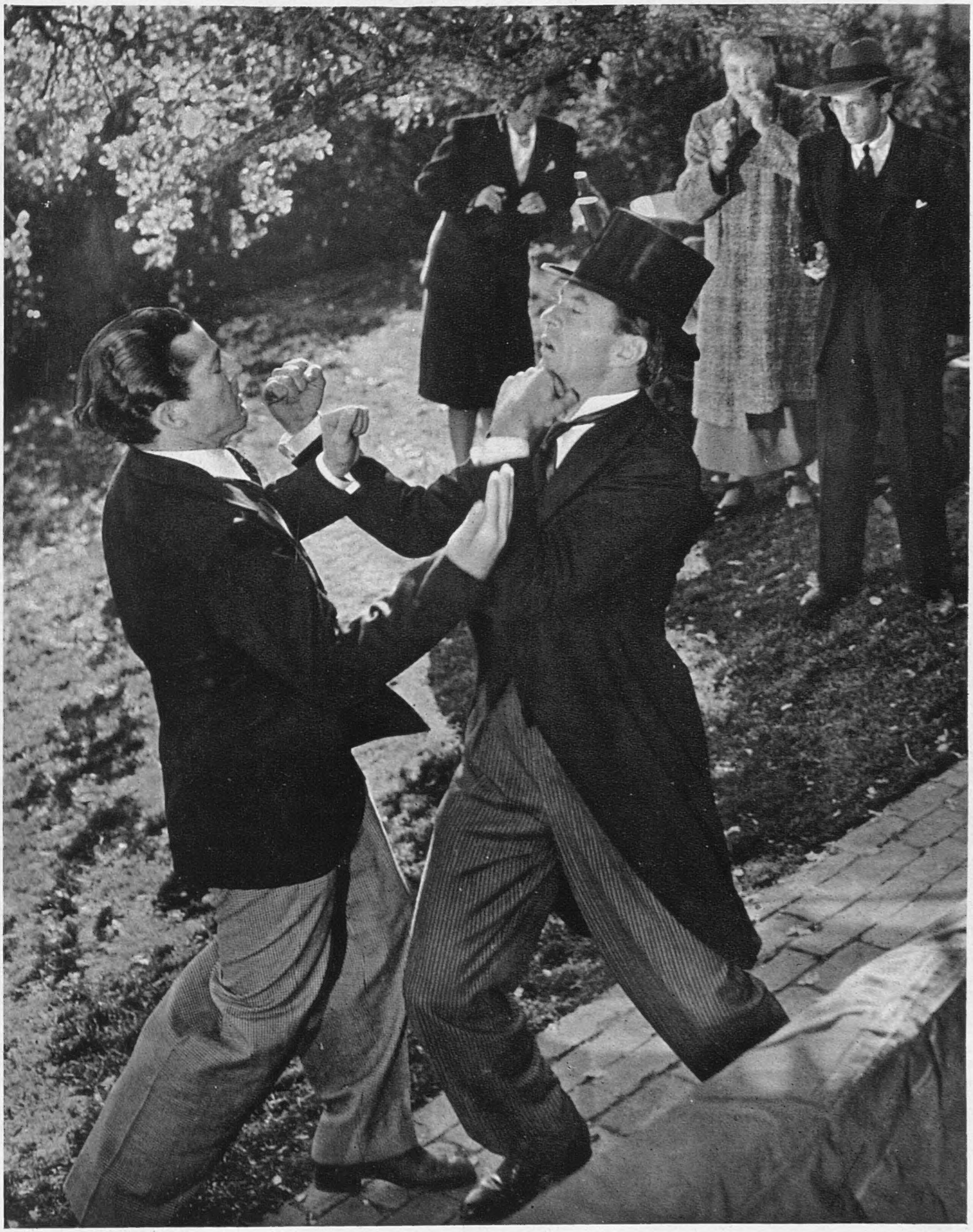
The Sketch

No. 2541—Vol. CXCVI. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.



SELF "K.O."—
BY GARY COOPER.

GARY COOPER *(right)* gives a remarkable demonstration of how to knock yourself out in one easy lesson, as One-Punch Potts, professor hero of Samuel Goldwyn's new picture, "Ball of Fire." The professor has never studied fisticuffs, but "mugs-up" the subject from a book while on his way to fight Gangster Joe Lilac (DANA ANDREWS). The fight does not develop according to theory, and the unfortunate Professor Potts only succeeds in knocking himself out, and getting a black eye when he "hits the deck"!

# MOTLEY NOTES.

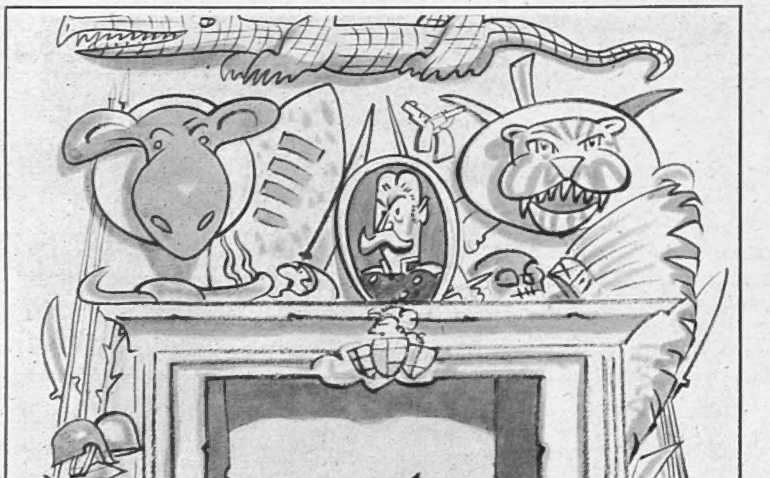
By ALAN KEMP.

**Too Much Joy.** And so, after all, we are not to have the Mike in the Mother of Parliaments. For what we have not received may we be truly thankful. To think that once upon a time none of the *profanum vulgus* was admitted to the council-chamber, not even in the "gods," and that it was a high contempt to publish a word of the sacred utterances of Hon. Members — why, even to this day, the humblest back bencher can "spy strangers" and demand the expulsion of the free and independent electors from the gallery. And then that it should be suggested that a Member, speaking either from the Despatch Boxes or "from his place," should address the world like any soap-boxer in Hyde Park! The camera-men and the electricians would soon claim their share, and Westminster would become a perpetual studio, with every member of the cast scrambling for centre stage. The Speaker, presumably, instead of enjoying the distinction of being the one member who never speaks, would become a kind of *compère* to the whole non-stop revue. The omniscient Aristotle, according to my dim recollection, said that the ideal democracy was one in which a single speaker could be heard by the whole people. Well, we have achieved this ideal now, Heaven help us!—but don't let's overwork it, don't let's languish of Too Much Joy!

*"It says here, der Britisch so short of timber are that they for making clothes der wool and cotton to use haf."*

DRAWN BY IAN PETERSON.

**Hell-Brew.** Let us turn from this depressing subject to one which never fails to arouse interest—Drink. As a patriotic and patient citizen, ready to share the common hardships, I am *not* going to say, even if it is on the tip of my tongue to say, that one of my bitterest recollections is that during my lifetime I have seen a weakening whisky go from 3s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. per bottle—and far more than that in certain places after midnight. There are wines in my modest cellar which I could sell for five and six times what I paid for them—and I assert, with every sensation of self-righteousness, that if I were down to my last pawn-ticket, I would scorn the action. In these deplorable circumstances, the inevitable has happened, and the demon Hooch has bobbed up through the trap-door. They are making it, I read, of pepper and pickle juice—and there are far less innocent ingredients than that, as many can testify in the United States. Whatever your thirst, stick to known brands and reputable vendors, unless you want to lose your eyesight. I hope the racketeers will be sentenced to drinking their own hell-brews.



*"No. Cruel fate decided otherwise. He died in Blackpool from a poisoned sardine."*

DRAWN BY HYNES.

**The Hole in the Pocket.** As for the gambling racket, I am quite fascinated by the accounts I read of High Life in Modern Babylon. I wish it to be known in sporting circles that I am viciously addicted to a spot of roulette; and, having stated that, I shall be curious to see whether anybody offers to send a superb Rolls Royce to take me to an unknown destination in Mayfair for a quiet party with unlimited champagne and caviare. My chief objection to temptation has always been that it never seems to come my way. When I add that my limit is about a fiver, and that my technique does not extend to ponies, monkeys and grands, I dare say the temptation will be farther off than ever—though if the racketeers are good business men, I don't know why they should ignore the chicken-feed. We are an extremely contradictory nation—principally, I suppose, because we happen to be a nation made up of human beings. I have before me two financial estimates. One is that we gamble about £800,000 a day. The other is that the Small Man lends to the State (and this, of course, does not represent anything like the whole of his savings) £12,000,000 a week. Well, that still leaves a handsome balance in favour of thrift. I pose an interesting psychological problem: would Small Man save as much if he did not gamble as much? Fanciful? I'm not so sure, though I confess I do not know the exact answer.

**News From the Shirt Front.** Whether or not the country is going to the dogs or the gee-gees or the gilded salons of the Wicked West End, those drab little coupons at least save us from extravagance with our wardrobes. It was an idea with all the simplicity of genius that we should now, in face of national crisis, use our evening shirts for day wear. For some time past I have been concerned to see my dress shirts wasting their sweetness on the wardrobe air. It is suggested that they be "de-starched"; but surely those who make this proposal little understand the ways of laundries? In peace, when you wanted to show a bold, starched front to the world, all you got was a limp and blistered rag; in war, if you begged for a soft and yielding bosom, you would certainly get one as stiff and shiny as the bow of a battleship. The simple plan is just to soak your dress shirts in the bath (carefully keeping the cuffs above water), hang them on the towel-rail for a while, and there you are. The only snag is that they would have to go to the laundry some time or other, and then, of course, they would come back with the front stiff and the cuffs soft.

**Mainstays and Herring-Boxes.** Another much-canvassed aspect of the clothing situation I approach with diffidence and delicacy, and you may, if you wish, disregard my opinion upon it, since I speak as a fool—nay, worse, as a man—in the matter. But, frankly, I do not like the term "Government" as applied to corsets. It *is* just a little reminiscent of Holloway, don't you think? I may be hypersensitive, but I do shrink from these prosaic terms applied to what we were wont to regard as the mainstay of beauty. Indeed, I am not at all sure that a Government should have any official cognizance of corsets. I cannot imagine Mr. Gladstone discussing with Queen Victoria a measure for the standardisation of corsets. I cannot picture Alfred, Lord Tennyson writing a laureate ode on the subject. However, we live in notoriously loose times, and this is undoubtedly true of corsets as of all other moral issues. There is another delicate matter which (with reluctance) I feel bound to mention,

as it affects the mothers of to-morrow. It is stated that, owing to flat-heeled shoes, women's feet are becoming larger. I hate to put it in that crude way, but we must face the facts of life. The brutal truth is that they—the feet, as well as the facts—have been growing steadily larger for a hundred years; God knows where they will stop! Oh, Trilby! Oh, Clementine!

Herring-boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

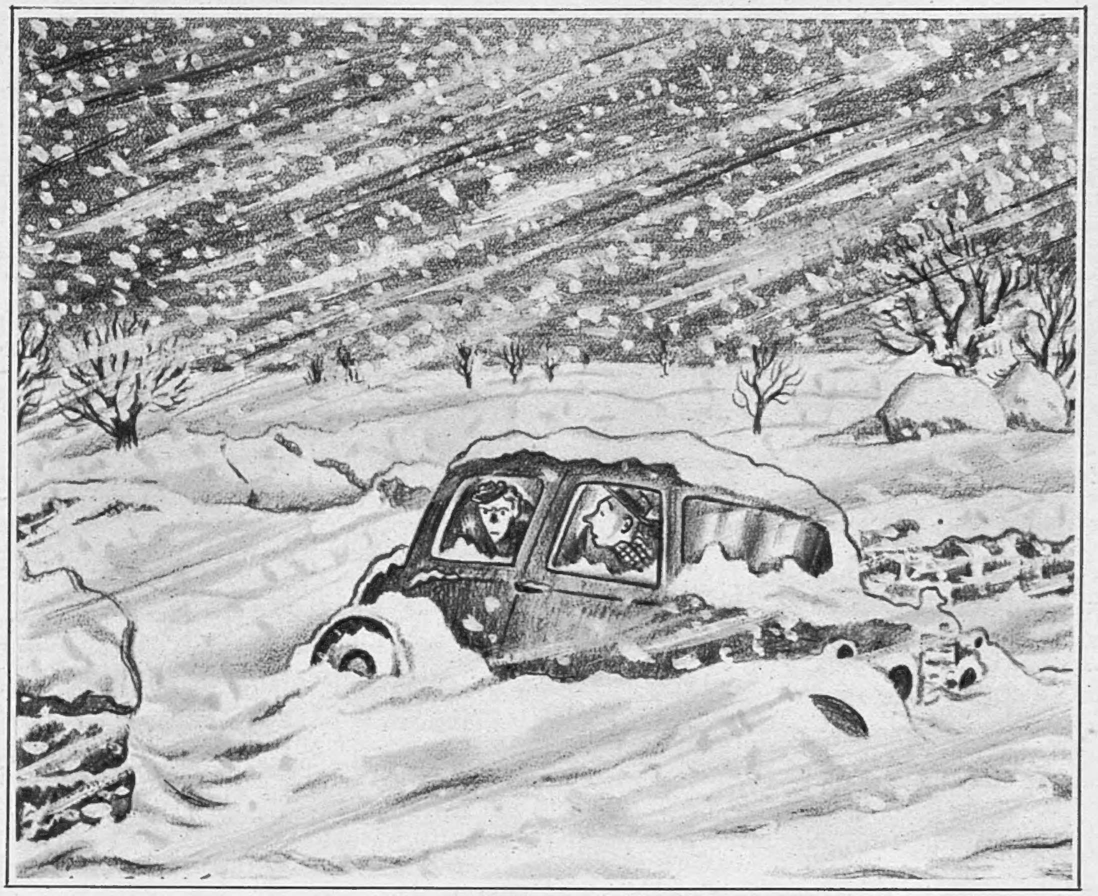
Is *this* the march of progress?

**Hip, Hip, Hip Hooray!**

Perhaps this rapid expansion alow and aloft—at least, I hope we may assume that it is aloft also—is due to excessive indulgence in vitamins. Week by week, as I sit down to write these notes, I find myself haunted by this subject. There seems to be no escape from it. Little, innocent school-children are now being given vitamins in the form of pills. Chocolate-coated vitamin biscuits are soon to be issued to us all, and we shall go about chewing the cud of health and happiness (but where is the chocolate coming from?). It is not merely a matter of health, but of amiability—the two things, of course, being closely connected. The scientist who has invented the Vitamin Biscuit has proved by experiment that if you have enough Vitamin B1, you are a little ray of sunshine, and if you haven't, you are a cross-patch and a burden to all in the home circle. And now, in addition to pills and biscuits for B1, comes Rose Hip Syrup, to supply C. Twenty times as much Vitamin C as fresh orange juice! Children cry for it—and after it. It has one grave disadvantage; it looks like sloe gin, but isn't. That's the trouble—there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the hip.

**The A B C of Health.**

What worries me is all the Vitamins between D and Z. We simply can't get pills for all of them; the resources of the country won't stand it. Besides, it would really be a little depressing if our diet consisted solely of pills, biscuits and syrups. You can't very well say, when you want to ask a friend to luncheon, "Come and crack a pill with me," or "Come and gnaw a biscuit with me." And yet it would be very disappointing, after stuffing oneself with A, B, C and D, to find that one was still irritable in the morning owing to deficiency of Q3. There is still plenty of scope for science, still many syrups to concoct. How about a Starboard Light for the next one, with a basis of spinach or turnip-tops?



"DO be a little more cheerful; this is absolutely NOTHING to what old Jerry's up against in Russia!"
DRAWN BY SILENUS.

**Cheap at the Price.**

A course of these healthful jorums will cure the morbid craving, from which many people still seem to suffer, for meat. Take pork—at least, take it if you can get it by legitimate means and if you have a tin-lined digestion, but don't take it as Twelve Goodwives recently took it. These thrifty and far-sighted wives behaved in a manner which would seem very reasonable to anybody except the framers of the Defence Regulations. They supplied a neighbour with nutritious swill for his pig, and, when the animal's days were numbered, they each received a modest portion of pork in recompense. A simple transaction of barter which one would have thought blameless enough; but unfortunately the transaction was not supported by a licence from the Divisional Swill Controller, a priority from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, and a permit from the Ministry of Food. Moreover, it is doubtful whether a notice was displayed on the meat making it clear to the Goodwives that it was Grade IVB under Schedule C of the Pork and Sausage Products (Miscellaneous Provisions) Amendment Order, 1942. You can't do that there 'ere in this free country; 40s. and costs for the porkman and 4s. each for the consumers. Expensive, but perhaps it was worth it.

**Grist to the Mill.**

The most popular of salvage-men, whose stentorian cry, "Any old, any old iron?" once rang throughout the land, has departed from us; but he has left more successors than he could ever have expected and his battle-cry still echoes and re-echoes. We need him for another national anthem—"Any old paper?" You would think that the supply of unwanted paper was practically unlimited, but Lord Beaverbrook's appetite for it seems insatiable. This is your chance to get rid of all that old correspondence which you know perfectly well you will never look at again. Should there be any sentimental considerations, tactful arrangements have been made to meet all scruples. In Northampton, it is reported, there are special confidential sacks to which letters of a tender or compromising nature may safely be committed. All have been recruited for the great Drive; the Home Guard, I see, are conducting reconnaissances among dumps and scrap-heaps, and the Brigade of Snappers-Up and Rakers-In, headed by Dick the Dustman (of Paddington) and Sally the Salvage Queen (of Hampstead) have been celebrating their triumphs at sausage-and-mash parties. Go to it, Dick and Sally! There was a time when your profession was looked down on by snooty persons. You first achieved fame through Mr. Doolittle, father of Eliza of the picturesque vocabulary; and now you have come into your own — and everybody else's.

**High Life In a Tank.**

What with salvage-drives and fur-drives and Winter Help drives, and a good many other drives at the point of the rubber truncheon, the civil population of Germany must be going a little short of this and that, and the lucky ones seem to be in the front line, especially in the tanks. I had never thought of the inside of a tank as a luxury hotel, but when I learn that the Panzer boys are supplied with four uniforms, four different kinds of boots, woollen nightshirts and blankets, downy mattresses and pillows, fine linen, powders, creams and perfumes, *petits pois* in tins and breast-of-chicken in bottles—when I read of these amenities of Life in a Tank, I am reminded of the benevolent régime of Captain Reece in H.M.S. "Mantelpiece." There, if you remember, there were "cream ices handed round on trays" and many other refinements to relieve the monotony of life at sea. But I am sceptical about this report. I take leave to doubt whether the mattresses and pomades and tinned delicatessen were official issues. I suspect that this particular unit belonged not only to the Panzer Division but to the Scrounger Brigade, and was expert in its technique. Analogies have been known in other armies. The only strategic principle which emerges is that a tank marches, or trundles, on its stomach. Acute observers had already noticed the fact.

**One and Only.**

Billy the Donkey, of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, has died in Gibraltar at the ripe age of twenty-three, after sixteen years of distinguished service and soon after he had been retired on half-hay. His official obituary describes him as "the only donkey on the strength of the British Army." Er—quite. Nicely put. With all this talk about nincompoops, the information will be gratifying to the public.

# Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.

MY DEAR ROBERT—Is there anything more fascinating than cutting the edges of the lawn? I have an implement for doing this. I don't know its official name, but I call it the Cutter, which sounds more like a ship than anything else. I keep it sharpened and wrapped in oily paper, and guard it with my very life. The Linnet asked me once whether I loved my Cutter more than her. I was deeply shocked by the question; but after considering the matter dispassionately for some hours, I came to the conclusion that, after Charles, Linnet, Bill, Perry and Lady B., my Cutter came next, and a long way in front of Aunt Julia, Mrs. Savernack and Cousin William. Twice a year I tenderly unwrap the Cutter and slice bits off the edge of the lawn and all round the rose-beds. I count these hours among the most vivid of my life. The bits that are sliced off look like delicious chocolate-cake with green icing, and the Gardener gathers them up greedily and hides them in the potting-shed. He says they save Charles thirty shillings a year. I don't know what he uses them for. Bill says he eats them.

I was engaged upon this fascinating pursuit yesterday afternoon, when Lady B. arrived and sat down on a garden-seat in the sun to watch me.

"I can't think why you grumble about gardening," she said after a few minutes.

"'Nothing to keep our stockings up with.'"

"It isn't always bliss like this," I said, pressing the Cutter into the turf with a soft, squelching sound.

"You've left a little bulge there, Henrietta."

"Here?"

"Farther along. Yes, that's right. I suppose I couldn't do a little bit?"

"No."

"I was afraid you'd say that," said Lady B., so wistfully that my heart smote me.

"Oh, all right," I said, grudgingly handing her the Cutter. "You can do to the corner."

But Lady B. waved it away. "I don't really want to," she said. "You go on."

Not want to use the Cutter? I went and sat beside her and gazed earnestly into her face. "You're not feeling ill, are you?" I said.

"No." This in a very small voice.

"Darling Lady B., what is the matter?"

Lady B. looked at me piteously. "It's elastic," she said.

"Elastic?"

"I suppose you realise there isn't going to be any soon?"

"She started on a new line of her own."

"I hadn't. But now you mention it, I suppose there isn't."

"Nothing to keep our hats on with. Nothing to keep our stockings up with. Nothing to keep our—— I mean, how else *can* you keep a bust-bodice in place?"

I sat in stunned silence.

Lady B. leaned towards me and said in a low voice: "And then there's *stays*."

"Is there?" I said dully.

"It's all very well for skinny people like you," said Lady B.—and I knew how upset she must be to call me skinny, for she is practically the only person here who is kind enough to describe me as slim. "It doesn't matter whether *you* wear stays or not, but for me they are a necessity. Henrietta," she said solemnly, laying her hand on my arm, "for the last thirty years I have worn the same sort of stays. They are very expensive and very comfortable, and they have a wide piece of elastic down each side. I think I can say without undue conceit that they have proved successful, for my figure, though full, is not in any way ungainly. In fact, there are those who have described it as neat."

"I never saw a neater."

"But from now on I shall have to stay in bed!"

There was a tragic silence, and I picked up the Cutter and did from top to bottom of the south side of the lawn, thinking hard all the time. It looked a bit crooked when I'd finished, so I did from bottom to top, but still thinking. Then I went back to the seat where Lady B. was sitting gazing into an empty future, and took one of her clean hands in both my dirty ones.

"Listen," I said, "I don't think it's going to be as bad as all that. You must order some new stays at once. Perhaps we shall have won the war before they are worn out; but even if we haven't, they'll probably put us on Points for elastic, and you can have all mine and Charles's, except for his braces and sock-suspenders, and I really don't see why those shouldn't be knitted of wool."

Lady B. embraced me tenderly. "I knew you'd cheer me up," she said. Then we heard feet on the gravel and Mrs. Savernack came round the corner.

"No wonder the Russians think we aren't working hard enough," she said grimly, and I got guiltily to my feet.

"We were talking about my stays," said Lady B., who was now quite cheerful again.

"Stays? Pah!" said Mrs. Savernack. "You'd be a great deal better if you didn't wear them."

"And you'd be a——" I began, but Lady B. gently but very firmly pressed my foot and shook her head at me.

Mrs. Savernack picked up my Cutter and ran an appreciative thumb around its edge. "Nice implement," she said. "I'll finish this job for you."

"Oh, please don't bother, Mrs. Savernack!" I cried.

But Mrs. Savernack, ignoring me, was squinting along the edge of the lawn which I had just done. "My dear Henrietta," she said, "this is frightfully crooked," and she started on a new line of her own while I pranced beside her uttering little cries of frustration and distress. Lady B. remarked that our lawn was looking much smaller than it used to.

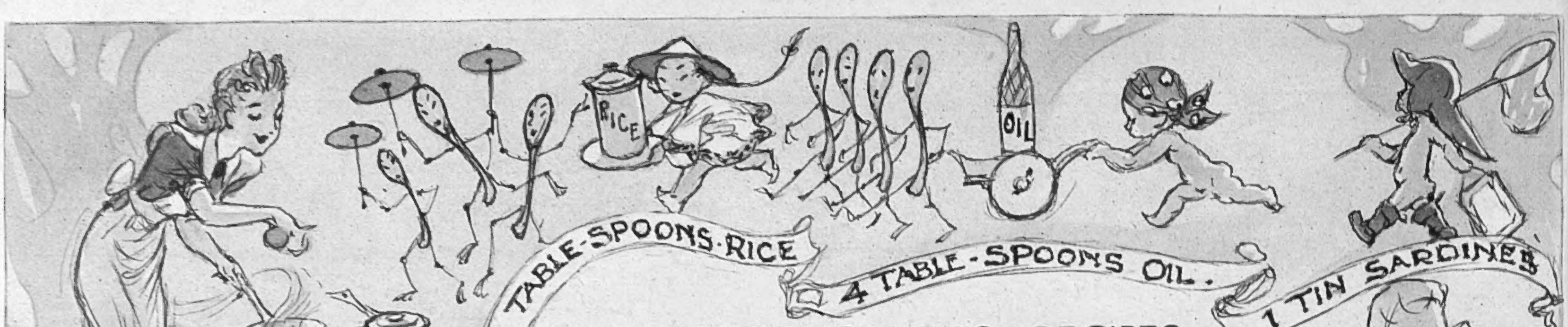
"There you are," said Mrs. Savernack, and she handed me back the Cutter, which I grasped feverishly in my arms like a mother receiving back her child from the hands of strangers. Then she stood on the rake, which flew up and hit the back of her head—but Lady B.'s eye was upon me and I never even smiled.

"I never even smiled."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

"O WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US TO SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

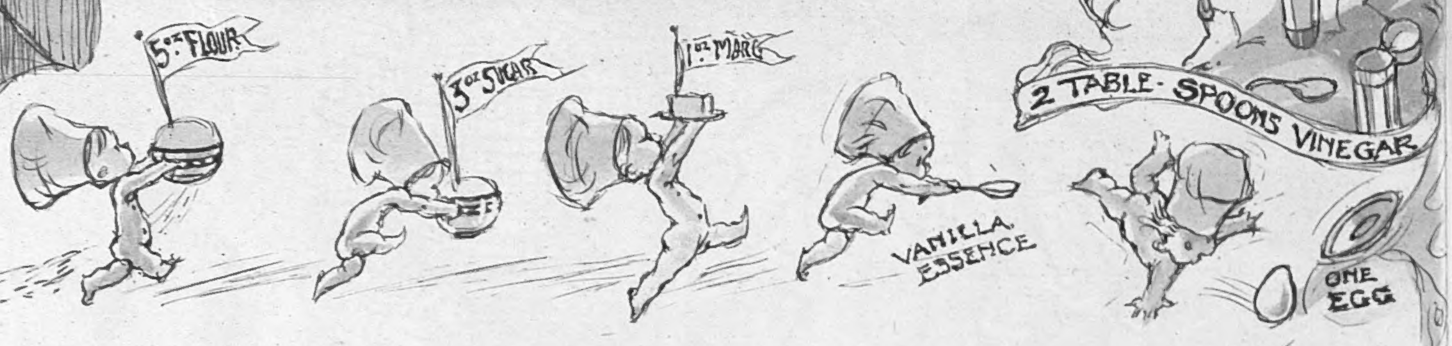



# EVERY WOMAN'S RECIPES.

## VINAIGRETTE DE SARDINES.

2½ tablespoons of rice.
4 tablespoonsful of oil.
1 tin of sardines.
Mustard (one coffeespoonful).
1 onion.
2 tablespoonsful of vinegar.

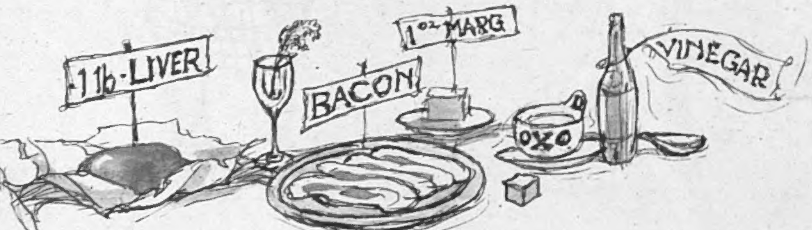
*Place on the fire two saucepans, each containing two pints of lightly salted water. When the water is boiling, pour into one of the two 2½ tablespoonsful of rice. Leave boiling for 10-12 minutes. Meanwhile mix together in a bowl a pinch of pepper, a coffeespoonful of mustard, one raw onion (grated), four tablespoonsful of oil, and two of vinegar. Beat for a few moments with a fork. Turn out the rice into a colander, and pour over it the boiling water from the second saucepan. Mix the rice with the vinaigrette and add two well-filled tablespoonsful of chopped sardines. Serve cold.*




## GÂTEAU GIVRÉ.

5 oz. of flour.
3 oz. of sugar.
½ teaspoonful of Vanilla Essence.
1 oz. of margarine or lard.
1 egg.

*Pour the flour into a bowl, make a hole in the centre, fill it with the sugar, the vanilla, the egg and the melted margarine. Mix all the ingredients rapidly together, divide into two portions, and fill two shallow cake-tins of equal size with the mixture. (The easiest way to spread the paste evenly is to have wet hands.) Leave the tins in a hot oven (medium) for half an hour. Remove and leave till cold. Turn out, and spread jam between the two layers. Brush the top of the cake lightly with milk and powder with sugar.*



## FOIE RÔTI.

1 lb. of liver.
4 rashers of bacon.
1 oz. of margarine.
Sprig of parsley.
1 Oxo cube to a cup of water.
1 tablespoonful of vinegar.

*When buying the liver don't have it cut up into slices, but kept in one piece. Remove the thin enveloping skin, wrap the rashers round the liver, place it on a grill, and the grill in a roasting-dish, into which all the other ingredients are poured. Put the whole into a hot oven, leave it for three-quarters of an hour, basting frequently. Serve with mashed potatoes or steamed rice, and any other vegetable. The gravy, to which is added one tablespoonful of milk, should be served separately.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

SEMI-TANKS, FOR NEGOTIATING ROCKY DEFILES IN LIBYA.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

# CANADIAN PILOT WRITES HOME.

*R.A.F., Scotland.*

My Dear Hank,

Last time I wrote you, I had just arrived in the Wildlands of Scotland. Well, this 'drome we were attached to was quite a decent dump, and the boys thought they were in for a swell holiday. A mile and a half from a fair-sized town ; two guys to a bedroom, and all mod. cons. The day after our arrival, however, Tubs came hareing into the Mess with a panic-stricken look on his dial.

" Boys ! " he cried, " we 're moving."

" Moving ! " we all cried. " Where to ? "

" The satellite 'drome, and, oh boy, what a satellite ! "

We were immediately in a flat spin. There was really no need to ask Tubs any more questions—we could tell from the green tint in his face and the intonation of horror to come in his voice that our little holiday was going to be bust wide open.

A few minutes later we collared the Mess Corporal, a minute, red-headed being with an outsize in ears and a cold in his nose. He seemed to be a bit terrified when he suddenly found himself surrounded by a howling, questioning pack of frustrated air-crews.

" Where 's this goddam'd satellite of yours, kid ? " queried Bob Phelps, in an aggressive tone of voice.

" At a very, very nice place, Sarge—but a bit lonesome-like."

" There, what did I tell you ? " moaned Tubs ; " forty days in the ruddy wilderness."

" That 's about it, Sarge," said the Corporal ; " nice, but lonely. Nice, because there ain't no red tape."

Well, after that we just lay like stranded goldfish around the bar and waited for the official confirmation of Tubs' horrific gen. It wasn't long in coming, either, Hank. At fourteen hundred hours (2 p.m. to you) the 'phone jangled into life and we got the order to pack our kit and be ready to take off at two-thirty.

At two twenty-five the whole Squadron was all set and the kites ticking over. The Wing Com. took off first, and we followed him one after the other down the runway. My observer was staring at a map of Bonny Scotland with a puzzled frown on his pan.

" Brick," he said presently through the inter-com. " Gosh ! This place ! . . ."

I was so cheesed-off I didn't reply, but just grunted. Beneath us I could see moors, moors, and more moors. A tricky place for a forced landing, I thought ; probably starve to death, even if you *could* set the crate down.

Presently I heard Peter, my gunner, call through. " There 's our holiday camp, Brick, on the port beam."

I looked out, but all I could see was the inexhaustible moors. Then I saw it. There, between a couple of sandy roads, and looking like a bald patch on a head of shaggy hair, lay the satellite. I had to circle three times before it was my turn to lob down. Once out of the kite I looked around for a sign of the mess. We couldn't see it, so we asked the ground crew.

" It 's awa' over theer," they said, and pointed to a cluster of barrel-sized huts about two miles away on the other side of the 'drome. We were just getting ready to walk it when a battered old lorry juddered up to us. The rest of the boys were all piled in heaps at the back. We were hoisted aboard and conveyed, not without suffering a few bruises, to the Mess.

It was only a half-pint place, but quite cheerful inside, and the few blokes in there seemed friendly enough. We were determined, now, to make the best of things, so we got in a circle round the fire and waited for tea. After we had eaten we went to find our sleeping quarters. Another mile walk to the small wood on one side of the field. Camouflaged between the trees stood more kennel-sized huts. " There are your bedrooms, boys," said our guide, a jovial flight-sergeant ; " take your pick, they 're all the same ! "

My crew and I bagged one on the edge of the wood, which the last occupant had christened " Hut-Sut-Phooey," or " The Home for Aching Air-crews." Each hut was supplied with three beds, a table, an iron stove, and a mottled mirror. The first thing Peter did was to light a fire and smoke us all out within five minutes.

" Chimney must be blocked," explained Peter brightly. " Smoke-stack bunged-up with stuff, as it were."

" You 're telling me," I said, and pointed to the roof.

Against the faint skyline we could see a large, rotund figure—Tubs Turner. In his hand was a tin can, which he was trying to fix over the top of our chimney ; his body was shaking with suppressed laughter all the time—or, rather, it was until my observer caught him in the pants with a good chunk of solid moor.

Apart from that little incident and the intense cold, a good night was had by most of us. Twice during the darkness I could hear old Peter shuffling around the hut in an endeavour to keep the recalcitrant fire and us from dying an untimely death.

When I awoke in the morning, I couldn't make out why I hadn't got any feet—then I discovered I had no hands or nose either. Hank, I was just pure ice from top to toe—that 's how I felt, anyway. I lay there and swore—it was some relief too ; I was beginning to wonder whether or no my voice was frozen as well. Then I realised what had happened : I could tell by the deathly stillness outside. I creaked out of bed and peered through our one window. Sure enough — darn-near a foot of snow, and the stuff still coming down in nickel-size flakes.

I cursed again, and then I reckoned that the gosh-darned snow wasn't such duff gen. after all. No, Sir ! Here, I thought, is a chance of a forty-eight-hour pass. All we do is just rake up a lorry from somewhere and get into some town, and everything will be tops.

I woke up the other two and explained how swell the snow was and what we could make of it. My observer was a trifle dubious, because, he said, the snow gave him chilblains. After a few minutes they cottoned on to the notion and felt happy enough to help me lift Tubs' bed (with Tubs still asleep in it) out of his hut and into the snow. . . . Then we shouted " Wakey, wakey ! " into the other huts, woke up a few guys with liberal dollops of snow, and began our trek across the white table-cloth which was once the flying field, towards the Mess.

When the other blokes arrived we heard them all discussing the possibilities of passes and a night out in a town. Yep, we sure felt mighty pleased with life. We had had a swell breakfast, and were sitting round the fire smoking when an A.C.2 driver knocked at the door.

" Excuse me," he said, " the Squadron Leader says you 're to report to hut number twelve immediately."

" Oh, boy," said Bob, " here comes our forty-eight."

" Excuse me, Sergeant, but I don't think he wants to see you about passes," said the erk [A.C.2].

" No ? "

" No, Sergeant. He told me to drive you to hut seven first—to pick up the shovels."

" Shovels ? " repeated Bob, horror-stricken.

" Yes, Sergeant, the whole 'drome has been ordered out to clear runways through the snow . . . we have to stay and keep them clear while the snow lasts."

Can you beat it, Hank ! Three whole days of navvying and a swell Scots town just yearning to have us — and I thought I had left all the snow back home. What a bind !

Cheers,

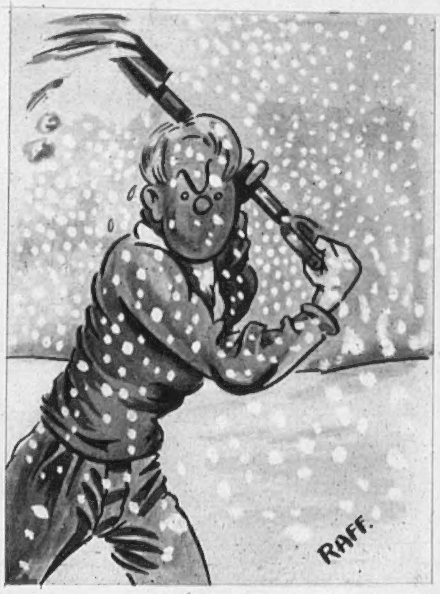
Des. Woods

(Brick Chalmers).

*" A minute, red-headed being with an outsize in ears."*

*" ' It's awa' over theer.' "*

*" ' Chimney must be blocked.' "*




*" Three days of navvying."*

# CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

DR. WELLINGTON KOO, *Chinese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's since 1941, is an extremely distinguished man who has held many important posts, including Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Ambassador to France. He is a gifted orator, and when speaking at Grosvenor House at a party in honour of President Roosevelt's birthday, paid a great tribute to his work for the cause of freedom. He said Mr. Roosevelt is "a personification of the ideals of which humanity longs to see the full realisation." Dr. Wellington Koo, who was born in 1887, studied at Columbia University at the same time as Mr. Roosevelt, in the early years of the century, but they did not meet until 1915, when Dr. Koo was Chinese Minister in Washington and Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in President Wilson's administration.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

# CINEMA CAMEOS.

## By C. A. LEJEUNE.

I SUPPOSE that your attitude towards "BLOOD AND SAND" (Odeon)—unless you belong to the strong, mental type that can dissociate æsthetic pleasure from all purely personal emotion—must be largely governed by your attitude towards bull-fighting. However tactfully the producers may present the bull-ring scenes—and they do present them very tactfully—however hard they may try for a palliative by showing you the bull-meat fed to the starving people, there is no getting away from the fact that "Blood and Sand" was first written as a salute to the skill and courage and ceremony of Spain's national pastime, and that, since the film is an excellent echo of the Ibáñez novel, some thrill of its sporting hazard is bound to get through on the screen.

Sponsored by the Royal Canadian Air Force, Warner's "Captains of the Clouds" (Warner, February 12) shows certain of its officers in the actual performance of their duties. JAMES CAGNEY as Brian Maclean is one of the breakneck "Bush pilots" who joins the R.C.A.F. when war comes. As a civil pilot he incurs the hatred of his air competitors by his cut-price passenger- and freight-stealing policy—his greatest enemy being Dutton, who flew a long way to get him a surgeon when he was stunned by his propeller. He finds Dutton has been posted to the same station as himself. ——Here he is being court-martialled and dismissed after his disobedience to orders has caused a crash.

*Emily Foster* (BRENDA MARSHALL), *Dutton's girl, nurses Maclean back to life after an accident which occurs after the other Bush pilots have gone all out to crash him and drive him from the sky.*

Personally, I have always regarded bull-fighting as a very poor sport, and I admit that the sight of cornered bulls, and gored matadors—they spare you the horses—and splotches of blood on the sand, the howls and hisses of the mob as they enjoy their Sunday afternoon's entertainment, turn me sick and make me very angry. I have no patience with these young men who go out dressed to kill, and come home and sleep it off in silken beds, or with the humble, adoring women who bring them their breakfast trays of luscious fruit, or read aloud and clip out their Press notices.

However, forcing myself as sternly as I can towards a detached, critical viewpoint, I must admit that "Blood and Sand" is a very superior piece of screencraft, done with considerable taste and some moments of keen, psychological insight. That's a great scene, for instance, in which we see the matadors waiting to go into the bull-ring, standing silent and apart, drawing on their cigarettes, with tense, nervous faces. Intensely dramatic, too, is the contrast between the crowded, blazing ring, hot with its Technicolor reds, and the cool, dark chapel where the matadors pray before their ordeal, where they are brought to die, too, after the fatal *cornada*.

The personal story, perhaps, is a bit outmoded. It belongs to the great vamp age, the time of Latin heroes and luscious ladies of seductive habit. It was better suited, I think, for Rudolph Valentino than it is for the forthright American Tyrone Power. But "Ty" makes a good, honest job of it, conveying the hero's inhibitions more than his glamour, playing him as the great overgrown boy rather than the Great Lover. Juan Gallardo is a peasant lad, son of generations of bull-fighters. His father died in the bull-ring, and young Juan runs away to Seville with a band of other lads, all as ragged and ill-educated as himself, all of them bent on training themselves as matadors.

Juan is always the leader. He has the temperament to command loyalty, to go up and up. In time he marries his boyhood sweetheart, Carmen Espinosa (Linda Darnell), and becomes the greatest matador in Spain. His levées before the Sunday afternoon bull-fights are social events. His band, all except one, Manolo, stick to him devotedly. He is free-handed and generous, the type to make and keep friends. And then, at the very peak of his career, he looks up in the arena one day and sees the scarlet lips and red hair of an international siren, one Doña Sol (Rita Hayworth). "If this is death in the afternoon," says one ringside critic, "she is death in the evening." Juan dedicates the bull to her. She throws him a scarlet carnation.

That is the beginning of Juan's downfall. He neglects his wife, and his friends, and his strict training, and goes a-hungering after Doña Sol. The lady is willing—until she finds that he is beginning to lose his skill. Juan makes mistakes in the ring. He has his bad days for the first time—not many, but enough. His nerve cracks. He insults his friends. He runs into debt. He drops out of public favour, and the rival of his boyhood, Manolo (Anthony Quinn), takes his place. That is enough for Doña Sol. She throws her carnations to Manolo now, while Juan is fatally gored in the bull-ring and dies in his faithful wife's arms.

It's a long film, some two hours and a quarter, and not all of it is top class. The performances that struck me most were not the big ones, but Laird Cregar's neat sketch of a pompous critic, John Carradine's tragic little bit as the matador who hates bull-fighting, and Nazimova's restrained scenes as a harrowed mother.

The colour varies in its effects from very good to fussy, but on the whole is an intelligent and integral part of the picture, arranged with great discretion. The director, Rouben Mamoulian, has always been fascinated by the use of colour in the cinema. In "Blood and Sand" he has gone to the great canvases of Murillo and El Greco for some of his effects, and has deliberately treated movie colour as "a painting in motion."

That insect cartoon at the Carlton is one of the brightest films I have seen in a very long time. It isn't Disney's: it's a little thing of the Fleischers, the team who made "Gulliver's Travels." They called it "Mr. Bug Goes to Town" in America. Here it is called "HOPPITY GOES TO TOWN," lest somebody, somewhere, might think something that isn't meant. For my part, I prefer the original title. It seems to me crisper, neater and easier to remember. And since the very first line of the film is "There you are, Mrs. Ladybug!", evasion, at best, can only be temporary. Besides, although we certainly don't use the term "bug" in quite the catholic sense of the Americans, I can't think that there are many English people these days whose feelings would be seriously outraged by it. The young, at least, should be able to stand the shock with equanimity.

MADELEINE CARROLL *as Carol*, STIRLING HAYDEN *as Adrian are paired in Paramount's picture "Bahama Passage" (Plaza), a romance in Technicolor filmed on Salt Cay, a tiny island of the Bahamas. Adrian's family business in the West Indies is salt-mining. His marriage has broken up on this barren, stark little island where life is hard and dull, when Carol, daughter of a scoundrelly overseer, comes to the island, and in these cactus-studded surroundings boy and girl find love and happiness.*

The particular bug who goes to town is a grasshopper. The rest of the bugs are in town already. They live in a patch of weedy earth just a few inches off Broadway. There the bees have their honey-shop, Mrs. Ladybug—Mrs. Ladybird, I should say—hangs up her washing, the snails rock in their shells in the sunshine, and little Buzz Bumble learns to be a Bee-Scout ("A Bee-Scout Must Be Brave, A Bee-Scout Must Behave, A Bee-Scout Must Be Prepared——"). And Hoppity, the grasshopper, is coming home, swinging through the traffic of Broadway in

light-hearted leaps, and he's going to marry the Bee-girl, Honey.

Everything is fine, in spite of the gross attentions of fat Mr. Bagley Beetle, until the fence is broken down between Broadway and the insect colony. Then in pour the humans, stamping over the grass with their giant feet, dropping cigar-butts, crushing and burning up the little houses. Street urchins play football with a tin can. Old cartons and refuse begin to strew the lot. The insects, like the pioneers of the old West, realise that they must pack up and set off on the great trek to other lands, where they can find security, and good housing, and a safe future for their children.

*"Shining Victory" (Regal) stars* GERALDINE FITZGERALD *as Dr. Mary Murray, assistant to Dr. Paul Venner. They become engaged, and after the celebrations return to the Scottish castle-hospital to find a patient has died in their absence. Venner's jealous secretary tries to use the incident as a means to separate them, and failing, fires his room. Mary rushes in, saves his notebooks; throws them out of the window, and dies as the result of a bursting ether container.*

Hoppity, who has been furthest and seen most, is their self-appointed leader. Even when their first attempt to find the promised land in a neighbouring garden is a failure, he is not discouraged. At last, after a journey as exciting and fraught with peril as any epic of the covered-wagon days, he leads them safely to the peace of a penthouse garden on top of a skyscraper. There, amongst smooth green lawns and ornamental water and flowers as bright and variegated as the plates in a seedsman's catalogue, the insects settle down happily to their new existence. And it is a very nice touch at the end, I think, that they should look down over the parapet at the crawling human traffic far below on Broadway, and remark so naïvely, "Look at the human ones down there! They look just like a lot of little bugs!"

MADELEINE CARROLL *as Carol of "Bahama Passage." Flora Robson is starred as Adrian's mother.*

"Hoppity Goes to Town" is the result of more than eighteen months' hard work by 700 Fleischer artists. I am intrigued by the news that the artist chosen to carry each cartoon figure through its part was selected "after studying his personality and experience." Thus the artist responsible for Swat the Fly and Smack the Mosquito, the cartoon's Dead End Kids, was himself once a kid on the sidewalks of New York. Each draughtsman, in fact, was "cast" for his part as an actor might be cast.

"Hoppity Goes to Town" is a gay, vigorous cartoon rather than a very subtle one. The Fleischer method as seen here is not perhaps as delicate, as brilliant, as the best of Disney, but it is better-humoured than the worst of him. The film is full of ingenious touches. The colour is riotous, and the figures sometimes stereoscopic. The tunes, while not quite as felicitous as anything in "Snow White," are smooth and hummable, something that contributes to a cartoon's success more than many people realise. "Hoppity" does not mark, I feel, the full development of the Fleischer talent; it is not a classic, but a promising and very jolly show.

The Soviet season at the Tatler goes successfully on and on, and now brings us the first feature film about the Russian ski-troops, "IN THE REAR OF THE ENEMY." This is a very simple story—a mere sketch, really—of a single military operation in the frozen woods of an Arctic winter. Three comrades, the members of a Red Army Patriot Group—Red Army Patrol Leader Boikov (N. Knitchkov), Red Army Men Balandin (P. Springfeld) and Karpenko (A. Greehanin)—are sent out on reconnaissance in the rear of the enemy. Their job is to follow the cable of a captured field-telephone, to find out what is at the other end of it, and to report back on the strength and grouping of the enemy in the area they cover.

In a temperature 50 degrees below zero, dressed in their white camouflage suits, they glide on skis through the snowy wastes of the northern woods Their movements are as silent as ghosts. They call to each other with the howl of wolves. They find that the cable leads to a deserted farmhouse, where a wireless-set is still blaring out a programme from Leningrad. They search the place from kitchen to loft, but find it empty. Turning to go, they are suddenly aware of other silent white figures approaching from the fringe of fir-trees. One—three—more and more—men and guns—machine-guns—heavy stuff. They realise that they are trapped. The cable is cut. The farmhouse is the advance post of an enemy battery, set up to shell the Russians' forward lines.

One after the other Red Army men try to break through, two of them to mend the broken wire and carry news to headquarters. Enemy skiers follow them. There are wild pursuits through the woods, tangles in the snow, hand-to-hand fights, falls into icy water as black as night. Karpenko, terribly wounded, drags himself through the snow to the broken wire. He does the job and falls unconscious. His comrade Balandin slings him on his back and struggles on. Meanwhile, the leader, Boikov, lies hidden in the farmhouse loft. With a rifle in one hand, the telephone in the other, he reports the enemy's position to his own field headquarters, tells them where to direct their fire. He has to shout louder and louder as the guns roar and the shells crash around him. There is no more secrecy now. Between sentences he picks off the enemy troopers with his rifle as they climb to the loft.

*Slapstick comedians* BUD ABBOTT *and* LOU COSTELLO, *stars of "Ride 'Em, Cowboy" (Leicester Square Theatre), follow Gary Cooper as the second biggest Hollywood money-makers of last year; the gross receipts of their four farces having totalled over £1,500,000. Universal discovered them about a year ago, after they lost Deanna Durbin. Their new starring vehicle features rodeo, cattle-roping and shooting, flights from Indians, music by Don Raye and Gene de Paul, and is directed by Arthur Lubin.*

The film ends with a terrific attack on the farmhouse by the Soviet ski troops, gliding out of the forest by their hundreds, uttering blood-curdling battle-cries. Boikov, his job done, uses his last ounce of strength in hurling hand-grenades at the enemy battery; naming the grenades as he throws them: one for Stalin, one for my country, one for the Party, one for the old folks at home.

"In the Rear of the Enemy" was made by the Moscow Soviet Youth Film Studio, the company that made "Lone White Sail" and "The New Gulliver." Like these earlier films, its object is to inspire patriotism and valour in the children of the Soviet. Beautifully acted, forcefully directed, and strangely exciting in its ghostly, snow-muffled setting, the film is made easier for English audiences by the use of "dubbed" English dialogue. I am not as a rule an admirer of the dubbing method. I feel that a man's voice is essentially a part of his character, that the way an actor speaks is as important as what he speaks, and that the use of a borrowed voice must be, to some degree, a falsehood. But I am willing to admit that the dubbing here is the best that I have ever heard. Herbert Marshall, who has directed the English version, has chosen his voice-types skilfully and matched the lip-movements with care. Mr. Marshall, by the way, himself plays the voice of a Red Army Lieutenant.

" Tough, but oh, so gentle " :- A Bruiser delicately handling a bomb was chosen by a squadron leader awarded the D.F.C. for his part in a recent daylight raid on Brest.

*An ostrich wearing a R.A.F. cap and delicately kicking a bomb from a cloud, was selected by a squadron leader from Rhodesia.*

*This kangaroo holding an ignited bomb, while her pouch is used as her ammunition store, was chosen to represent an Australian pilot.*

# HERALDRY OF A "HALIFAX" BOMBER SQUADRON.

THE Heraldry of the R.A.F. is now highly developed, and many pilots have their special emblems on the aircraft they pilot. On this page we give some devices for one of the newly formed R.A.F. "Halifax" Bomber Squadrons. They were painted by an Intelligence Officer at the station who was in peacetime an art lecturer at a Northern college, and are on metal plates screwed to the noses of the bombers, so that they can be removed for mementos at some later date. In each case we give a small portrait of the pilot beside his chosen emblem.

*Old Nick holding seven sinners in leash was selected as his emblem by a young English bomber pilot.*

*Friar Tuck wielding his quarter-staff represents the Wing Commander of the Squadron, who has been awarded the D.F.C.*

*" Here I come a-roarin'," cries a little Red Indian boy on the " Halifax " bomber piloted by a Canadian from Manitoba.*

*This device—Goering being marched off by a Peeler (one of the early London Police)—was chosen by an ex-London constable pilot. The swastika indicates that the tail gunner shot down a Messerschmitt during a daylight raid on Brest.*

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

BRIGADIER J. C. CAMPBELL—*for adding the V.C. to the D.S.O. and Bar—all in ten months—and wiring his wife: "I am ashamed of myself."*

RECENTLY two seventeen-year-old schoolboys, JOHN LESLIE STEWART WOOD, of Chester, and Derrick Baynham, of Walton-on-Thames, were awarded the George Medal for their bravery and fortitude. An aircraft fell into the sea nearly a mile off the Welsh coast, and Baynham and Wood set out to the rescue in a dinghy in a heavy sea with a high wind. As they approached the 'plane a wave swamped the boat, and they had to swim to the wreckage, where they found the one exhausted survivor of the air crew. With great difficulty they righted their boat, which had started to drift shorewards, and helped the airman to a post projecting above the sea. Unfortunately he was too weak to hold on, and was drowned before help could arrive. The exhausted boys were washed in towards the shore, and pulled out after being two hours in the water. Other attempts at a rescue resulted in the loss of eleven lives.

JOHN LESLIE STEWART WOOD *and Derrick Baynham—for the joint act of courage and intrepidity which won them each the George Medal at seventeen.*

IT has taken a short ten months for (acting) BRIGADIER JOHN CHARLES CAMPBELL to acquire three most coveted awards of the British Army—the V.C., the D.S.O., and Bar. He "brought forward" a Military Cross from the last war. His latest medal—the V.C.—was gained in Libya, for most conspicuous gallantry when his small force under constant attacks from the enemy held important ground in the area of Sidi Rezegh ridge and the aerodrome. Wherever the situation was most difficult there he was on foot or in his car. All his senior tank officers having become casualties earlier in the day, Brigadier Campbell stood up in a tank with a blue flag, under terrific fire from all sorts of weapons, and formed up tanks. Twice he manned a gun, and also acted as loader himself. Continually cheering on his men, his personal disregard of danger was a source of great inspiration to the troops, and his brilliant leadership throughout these two days was the direct cause of very heavy casualties to the enemy. On hearing of his new award he wired his wife: "Look 'Gazette,' February 3. I am ashamed of myself!"

AIR ace of the last war and still going strong in an administrative capacity in the R.C.A.F., AIR MARSHAL "BILLY" BISHOP is one of the officers of whom "shots" showing them at their regular duties appear in Warner's "Captains of the Clouds," a film made with fullest co-operation from the Chiefs of the Royal Canadian Air Force and the Minister of National Defence for Air (Canada). The Air Marshal may really thus be said to have a "walking on" part in the film.

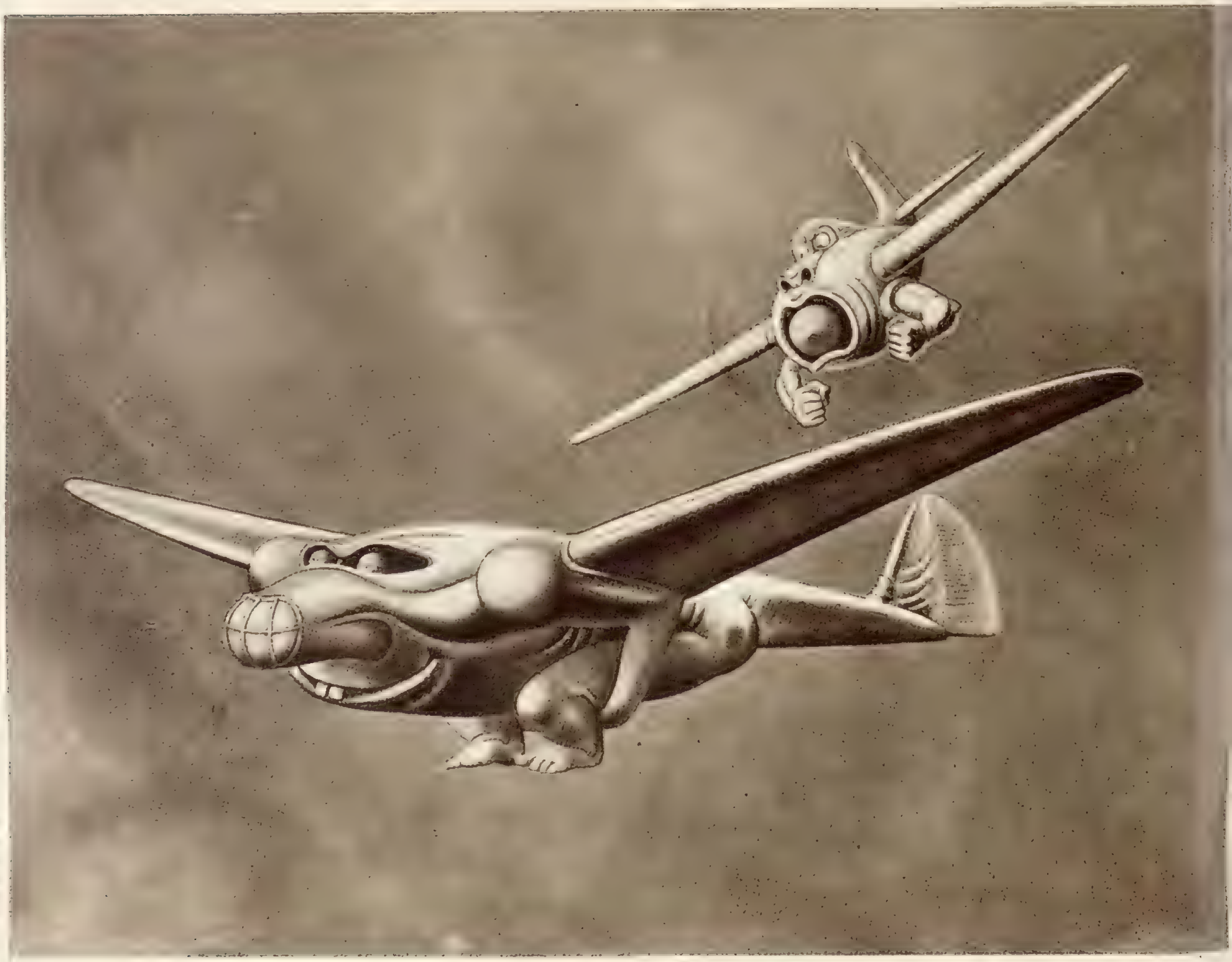
MRS. PRUDENCE NEILL was Public Relations Officer of the A.T.S. She has now doffed uniform to join the B.B.C. as its new announcer.

MRS. PRUDENCE NEILL—*for being the newest voice on the B.B.C.*

AIR MARSHAL "BILLY" BISHOP, *flying ace—for taking, so to speak, a "walking on" part in a flying film.*

*The battleship, holding a bone in its "front teeth," has seated robots for turrets, an admiral for control tower, and a bird-like aeroplane about to take off from a gigantic hand.*

# JUBILANT MONSTERS OF MECHANISED WAR.



*Right: A bellowing fighter 'plane roars down with clenched fists on a grinning bomber. The shoulders represent engine cowlings and the eyes are pilots.*

*Barrage-balloons as fat boys with creased, elephant-like skin, arms and legs in place of fins, and outlet valves like open mouths.*

*Radio propaganda as a two-headed monster with insulators round its legs, microphones for fingers, and a loud-speaker nose. It raises one hand in the Fascist salute.*

EVERYONE who has followed the march of mechanised armies across Europe, and seen the great engines of destruction in action, has been struck by their curiously lifelike ferocity of aspect, and the suggestion of malicious personality and jubilation over their power. This likeness to living monsters has inspired Boris Artzybasheff's drawings of tanks, bombers, battleships, and other machines, which he sees in the form of great beetles, dragons, and other horrible creatures. Artzybasheff is a forty-two-year-old Russian-born American artist, who saw active service with the White Armies of Russia in the Civil War. His mechanised monsters recall the terrifying half-human pots, pans, and household utensils which figure in the work of Hieronymus Bosch.

*Left: The imperturbable tank attacks gnome-like anti-tank guns. It has forty rotating feet, and a gun for a snout. It has already silenced one opponent.*

BELITA, *the English ice ballerina, formerly Miss Belita Jepson-Turner, in Republic's " Ice-capades."*

MEGAN TAYLOR, *who retained her title of World Figure-Skating Champion in the 1939 Prague contest, gives an exhibition in " Ice-capades."*

# HIGH-SPEED SKATING BALLERINAS: ICE FOLLIES AND ICE-CAPADES.

EVELYN CHANDLER *does a skating dance with a parasol, in " Ice Follies."*

*Right:* SHIRLEY BOWMAN *and* ARTHUR NICKOLAS *in the charming ballet " Southern," from " Ice Follies."*

***N.B. Colour plate inserted in this issue.***

*Three pirates of "Ice Follies"*: VALERIE FINK, BETTY MURRAY, *and* HELEN NICKOLAS.

EVELYN CHANDLER'S *amazing agility and élan in "Ice Follies," at Madison Square Garden, New York.*

THE speed and grace which can be achieved by ballerinas on skates give the Ice Show a special breath-taking quality which is brilliantly illustrated by the action photographs of turns from two New York skating revues, "Ice Follies" and "Ice-capades," which we give on these pages. Varied specialities, exciting new turns, football on the ice, and new tricks with lights and colour make "Ice Follies" a splendidly exciting and decorative affair. Republic's "Ice-capades" has Miss Megan Taylor, the successor to Sonja Henie, as World Figure-Skating Champion, and Belita, the English ballerina and ice-skater (formerly known as Belita Jepson-Turner), among its chief attractions.

*Left*: BELITA *in a remarkable skating action photograph of one of her numbers in "Ice-capades."*

EVELYN CHANDLER *defies gravity with the greatest of ease in "Ice Follies."*

*Left*: OSBORNE COLSON *gives a wonderful harlequin dance in "Ice Follies."*

# ENGAGEMENTS, ARTISTS, WAR-WORKERS:

CAPTAIN RICHARD N. W. KIRBY, *Royal Marines, son of Colonel J. S. Kirby, D.S.O., Indian Army (ret.), and his fiancée,* THIRD OFFICER SALLY REYNE, *W.R.N.S., daughter of Rear-Admiral C. W. Reyne (ret.), were photographed on the flight deck of "Victorious."*

MISS MOYRA EILEEN MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, *younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Lord Francis Scott, is engaged to Captain (T.-Major) Hugo D. Tweedie, Scots Guards.*

*Wintry conditions do not deter the A.T.S duties. These dispatch riders wea*

*Everyone is sacrificing something for the waste-paper campaign. For instance,* PHYLLIS CALVERT, *the Gaumont British star, is helping* WESTON DRURY, *the Casting Director, to tear up old pictures from the film library at Shepherd's Bush as a contribution to the big salvage drive. Every scrap of paper saved helps to victory and it's up to us all to turn out every cupboard.*

MISS DIANA QUILTER, *youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Quilter, is engaged to Brigadier L. M. Gibbs, C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., of 29, Eaton Square, S.W.*

MADAME DASSONVILLE *(seated), Staff, is a member of the Assistance Corps, and deals with all questions*

*These three* CHINESE GIRLS *are serving drinks from a mobile canteen given by a Singapore civilian for the benefit of the Civil Defence Services. The organisation of relief for the air-raid victims of Malaya has been tackled with energy.*

# ALL PEOPLE IN THE NEWS OF TO-DAY.

mechanised girls" from carrying on with their
rash helmets and warm leather jerkins.

MISS FELICITY PARDOE, *only daughter of Col. F. L. Pardoe, D.S.O., is engaged to Capt. Sir Antony Bonham, Bt., the Royal Scots Greys.*

*" The Great Gates of Kiev " ballet was produced at the Adelphi last week in the same bill as " Sorotchintsi Fair." Traditional Russian characters are introduced, and dance to Moussorgsky's " Pictures from an Exhibition."* LOU VAN YCK, *the rich merchant, and the Ballet girls are eyed with disfavour by his wife,* DAPHNE ANDERSON.

*fe of General de Gaulle's Chief of
ciale of the Free French Welfare
ncerning French prisoners of war.*

MISS ANNE PAGET, *only daughter of the late Capt. J. Otho Paget, and of Mrs. Paget, is engaged to Sir John Godfrey Worsley-Taylor, Bt., Scots Guards.*

MRS. G. C. USHER, MRS. OLIVER LUCAS *and* MRS. W. M. W. THOMAS. *Mr. Usher, Director-General of Tank Supply, received a knighthood in the New Year's Honours. Mr. Lucas is in the Ministry of Supply, and Mr. W. M. W. Thomas, D.F.C., is Vice-Chairman of the Nuffield Organisation.*

MISS MERIEL GAUNT *is the ballerina of " The Babes in the Wood " panto. at the Stoll Theatre, in which she made her début on the legitimate stage. She's the youngest member of a family of seven. Her sister, Jeanne Ravel, is the dancing star of " Get a Load of This," and one of her brothers is Headmaster of Malvern. Meriel is an accomplished chess player, as well as a gifted dancer.*

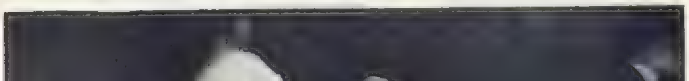
# RUSSIAN OPERA AND BALLET AT THE ADELPHI.

DIANA GOULD, première danseuse *of "Night on the Bare Mountain," the ballet in "Sorotchintsi Fair," the Moussorgsky opera at the Adelphi.*

*The old cronies enjoy a quiet booze:* OTAKAR KRAUS *(left) and* ARSÈNE KIRILLOFF.

MOUSSORGSKY'S opera "Sorotchintsi Fair" was presented last autumn at the Savoy and has now been revived at the Adelphi under the musical direction of M. Fistoulari, with Mme. Slobodskaya and M. Kirilloff as the exuberant and naughty husband and wife. It shares the bill with a ballet, "The Great Gates of Kiev," danced to Moussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition." The first night was in aid of the Comforts Fund for Russian Women and Children. Miss Diana Gould, the *première danseuse* in "Night on the Bare Mountain," the ballet in the opera, is the stepdaughter of Captain C. H. J. Harcourt, who commands Britain's latest battleship, "Duke of York," in which the Prime Minister travelled to America.

SLOBODSKAYA, *as the exuberant and naughty wife of "Sorotchintsi Fair," hides her lover,* PAUL ANDRÉE, *in the chest.*



ARSÈNE KIRILLOFF *as the erring husband, Tcherevick, in Moussorgsky's opera "Sorotchintsi Fair."*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DAVIS.

# MR. AND MRS. MICKEY ROONEY.

*The marriage of screen-star* MICKEY ROONEY *to young starlet* AVA GARDNER *took place the other day in a little rustic Presbyterian Church at Ballard, California, and was the biggest event ever recorded in the annals of that small farming town. Mickey Rooney has just finished an M.G.M. musical, "Babes on Broadway," with Judy Garland, and is at work on a new picture in the inexhaustible Hardy series, called "The Courtship of Andy Hardy." His bride, who is a promising young actress, has recently played a number of small parts in M.G.M. pictures.*

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

If it were not for the romance that attends the figure of Mary Queen of Scots her story would be almost too painful to read. What a black record of treachery it is: one of the sorriest chapters in the sorry history of the human race. There are a few bright spots, a few instances of fidelity to the much-wronged Queen, but they only serve to emphasise the surrounding darkness. Could she have stayed in France, where she was appreciated and understood, where no one seems to have had a word to say against her, she might have been one of the happy women of history, for she had a great capacity for happiness. But perhaps not, for policy and ruthlessness were the order of the day, and it was not in her even to be politically cruel. She was born out of time, and should have lived in the next century when, in some countries at least, loving, kind, beautiful and intelligent women were prized.

The popular idea of her—that she was a woman with whom all men fell in love—is mistaken: she was more loving than loved. Countless suitors were proposed for her, and she was married three times, but the suitors wanted not Mary, but control of the throne of Scotland, and of her husbands only the last gave her the support she needed: James Bothwell.

At least, this is Miss Margaret Irwin's view. Bothwell, "this glorious, rash and hazardous young man," as Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to the French Court described him, is her hero, and "The Gay Galliard" is a distinguished attempt to put his and Mary's love-story on the same plane with the great love-stories of the world, with Lancelot and Guinevere's, Antony and Cleopatra's, Paolo and Francesca's.

**Great Lovers.** She does not quite succeed, and one wonders why. She has, of course, to do a lot of spade work in digging up the reader's conscious or unconscious prejudice against Bothwell. Buchanan's scandals have formed the base of ninety per cent. of English and French opinions of Mary Stuart and of Bothwell and if they die at all, they die hard. But other lovers in history, who have won the reputation of "great lovers," have not been by any means Bayards of the tender passion. Bothwell had an imposing retinue of mistresses in various countries and a wife he treated far from well; but Antony, too, had a wife in Rome, patient Octavia, and we have no reason to think that his private life was in other directions impeccable; while Cleopatra, that morsel cold on Cæsar's trencher, has no more moral qualifications to be a heroine of romance than Mary Stuart.

**Kirk o' Field's.** It all depends, I suppose, on whether one does or does not believe that Mary was privy to the murder of Darnley at Kirk o' Field's. Her enemies who prevailed against her and so had the last word, said she was; Miss Margaret Irwin, adopting a new and ingenious theory, thinks that Darnley, acting on behalf of those extreme Catholic elements who were disgusted with Mary for not pressing harder the cause of Catholicism in Scotland, meant to blow up his wife. (That fascinating piece of historical detective work, "The Tragedy of Kirk o' Field's," makes out a plausible case for this.) Miss Irwin, however, makes Bothwell admit to Mary that he had killed Darnley, and perhaps this is what sticks in the reader's throat and prevents him from feeling that this love was so great it excused any crime that helped its fulfilment. This, and Bothwell's own personality. Faithful to Mary in spirit he may have been, almost the only man in Scotland who was. Brave he may have been. But he was also a noisy, conceited, boastful sensualist, a prince of bounders who never ceased trying to persuade those about him that he was the greatest gangster of the time—which was saying a lot. Miss Irwin, indulgent to the type, makes a very consistent and convincing picture of him, which does not belittle his faults; indeed, she is at pains to point out how on a hundred occasions they jarred on Mary's delicate sensibility.

"The Gay Galliard" is a notable historical novel, rather on the long side, perhaps, and sometimes difficult to follow for those who have not the outlines of this confusing and breathless piece of history at their fingers' ends. Like all who write about Mary Queen of Scots she is a partisan. Whether her partisanship seriously distorts the picture I must leave to others to say: the champions of John Knox will certainly not care for Miss Irwin's portrait of him. But who can come well out of such a tale? Perhaps Miss Irwin is right in deciding that the quality of honesty in Bothwell raises him head and shoulders above his double-faced contemporaries.

**A Successful Life.** The record of a singularly successful career, however well merited the success, is liable to arouse emotions of envy, not to say hostility, in the reader unless the author is prepared to share his good fortune—not its material substance, I hasten to add, but its spirit. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim must be one of the most successful authors of modern times, a best-seller if ever there was one; but even a neglected and disappointed fellow-writer, dipping into "The Pool of Memory," and finding there so many fish he hoped in vain to land, will feel no resentment against this genial favourite of the public, so generously does Mr. Oppenheim make him free of all the *bonnes-bouches* that have come his way. Over every page the spirit of conviviality sheds its glow; and no matter how golden the occasion, or how select the distinguished company, we always feel that a cocktail has been set aside for us.

Born in 1867, Mr. Oppenheim left school at an early age to enter the family business. His father was a leather merchant. He had the same difficulty that most successful writers seem to have in getting his first book published, and it was not until he was nearly forty that, thanks originally to the kind offices of an American millionaire, he was able to free himself from his leather bonds. Thenceforward all seems to have been plain-sailing, a golden journey down the years with a partner who enjoyed the same things as he did—sailing, golf, tennis, dogs, bathing, a little gambling, a lot of social life with charming people, exiles, too, whose tastes took them to Italy or Guernsey or the South of France. The South of France was Mr. Oppenheim's chosen haunt, and near Cannes he acquired a farm-house with the lovely name of Domaine de Notre Dame, whose appearance supports every claim he makes for it.

**Celebrities.** Good fellowship is the keynote of the book; live and let live its motto. Many celebrities—Mr. Somerset Maugham, Lady Russell, Edgar Wallace—entertain, and are entertained, in its pages, and if they seldom say anything

[Continued overleaf.

## THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch."* ***=*highest value.*

**Ambassadors: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Mary Clare; Phyllis Dare.

** Apollo: "OLD ACQUAINTANCE." Edith Evans in John van Druten's play. Perfect acting.

*** Comedy: "RISE ABOVE IT," Second Edition. Burlesque revue with Hermione Baddeley; Hermione Gingold; Walter Crisham; Henry Kendall.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

**His Majesty's: "LADY BEHAVE." Glamorous speedy musical comedy. Stanley Lupino; Sally Gray.

*Lyric: "THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

** Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's musical smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

***Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

***Prince's: "FUN AND GAMES." Just what its name implies. Sydney Howard; Arthur Riscoe; Vera Pearce; Richard Hearne.

*Prince of Wales: "GLAMOUR SERENADE"—Gayest cavalcade.

**St. Martin's: "LOVE IN A MIST." Light comedy. Ann Todd; Richard Bird.

**Saville: "UP AND DOING." Revue. Leslie Henson; Binnie Hale; Cyril Ritchard; Stan Holloway; Carroll Gibbons and his band.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

*Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

### PANTOMIMES.

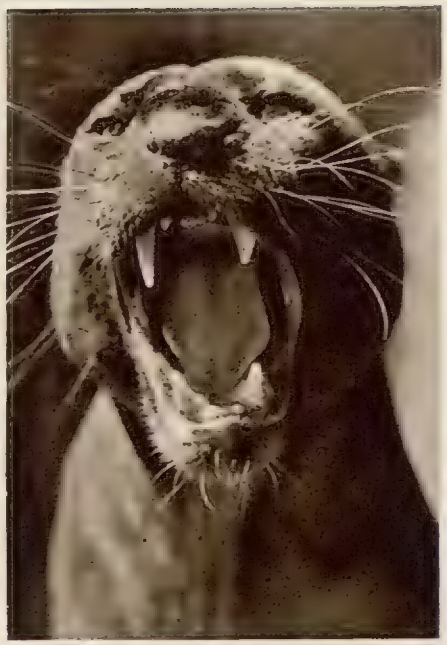
*Coliseum* (Daily, 1.30 and 5.30): "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" (ends Feb. 21). Jean Colin; Norman Evans. *Palace* (2 and 5.30): "JACK AND JILL." Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond. *Stoll* (Daily, 1.30 and 5.30): "BABES IN THE WOOD." Nervo and Knox; Jay Laurier.

*N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.*

# SABU AS MOWGLI: "THE JUNGLE BOOK" FILM.

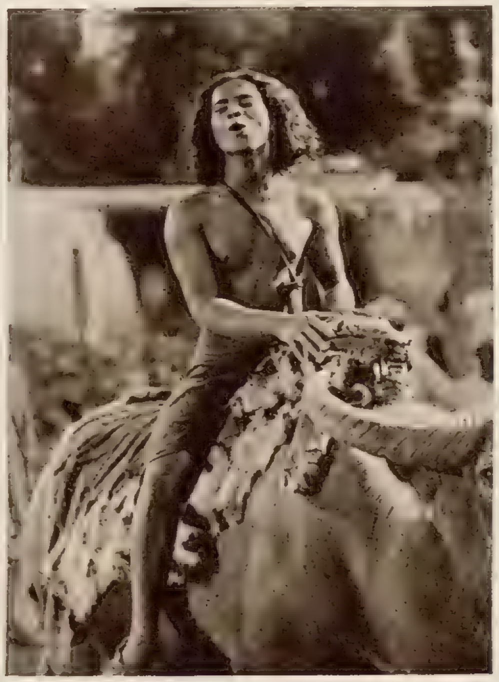
SABU, the Indian boy who sprang to film fame after his performance in the title-rôle of "Elephant Boy," makes an ideal Mowgli for Alexander Korda's new production of "The Jungle Book," a Technicolor film version of Rudyard Kipling's classic stories. On this page we give stills of Sabu with his jungle friends and his hereditary enemy Shere Khan. One of the most effective sequences is based on the story of the King's Anker, which opens with Mowgli's visit to the ruined and deserted city. There he sees the treasure-house of the dead king, guarded by a white cobra. Bagheera, the black panther, is Mowgli's tutor in the Jungle Law. He is learned in the ways of men and of animals, as he had once been a captive in a Rajah's menagerie. Kaa, the great python, is Mowgli's favourite playfellow, and, of course, the elephants are his allies.

*Mowgli's hereditary enemy,* SHERE KHAN, *the tiger.*



*Mowgli's tutor,* BAGHEERA, *the black panther.*

SABU *as Mowgli in the Royal Treasure House of the abandoned city, guarded by the white cobra.*



*Mowgli returns to the jungle with the skin of his enemy Shere Khan.*

*Mowgli with Kaa, the great python, his favourite playfellow.*

*Mowgli with his friends the wild elephants, riding through the jungle.*

SABU *as Mowgli, with his enemy the tiger, Shere Khan.*

*Continued.*]
very amusing, they leave the flavour of their personalities and some trait to remember them by. "I love my neighbour," Mr. Oppenheim observes, and hardly anyone gets a hard word, except, collectively, the inhabitants of Hollywood. As one would expect, he is a good raconteur in a formal, slightly old-fashioned manner: the anecdote of the nocturnal swimmer could not have been better told.

A few years ago one might have felt impatient of the hedonist philosophy which rests content with the ideal of comfortable living; and there are times when Mr. Oppenheim accepts its standards so uncritically that we are obliged to smile, as when he tells us that

a dear friend . . . on her deathbed begged me to take an interest in the Cleveland Bridge Club, which I had joined entirely for her sake.

But such sentiments, if they betray lack of humour, do not imply callousness. Mr. Oppenheim only wants to enjoy himself as long as he feels that others are doing so too. Dissatisfied with his job as an official propagandist in the last war, he told a friend, with a kind of quaint eloquence, that

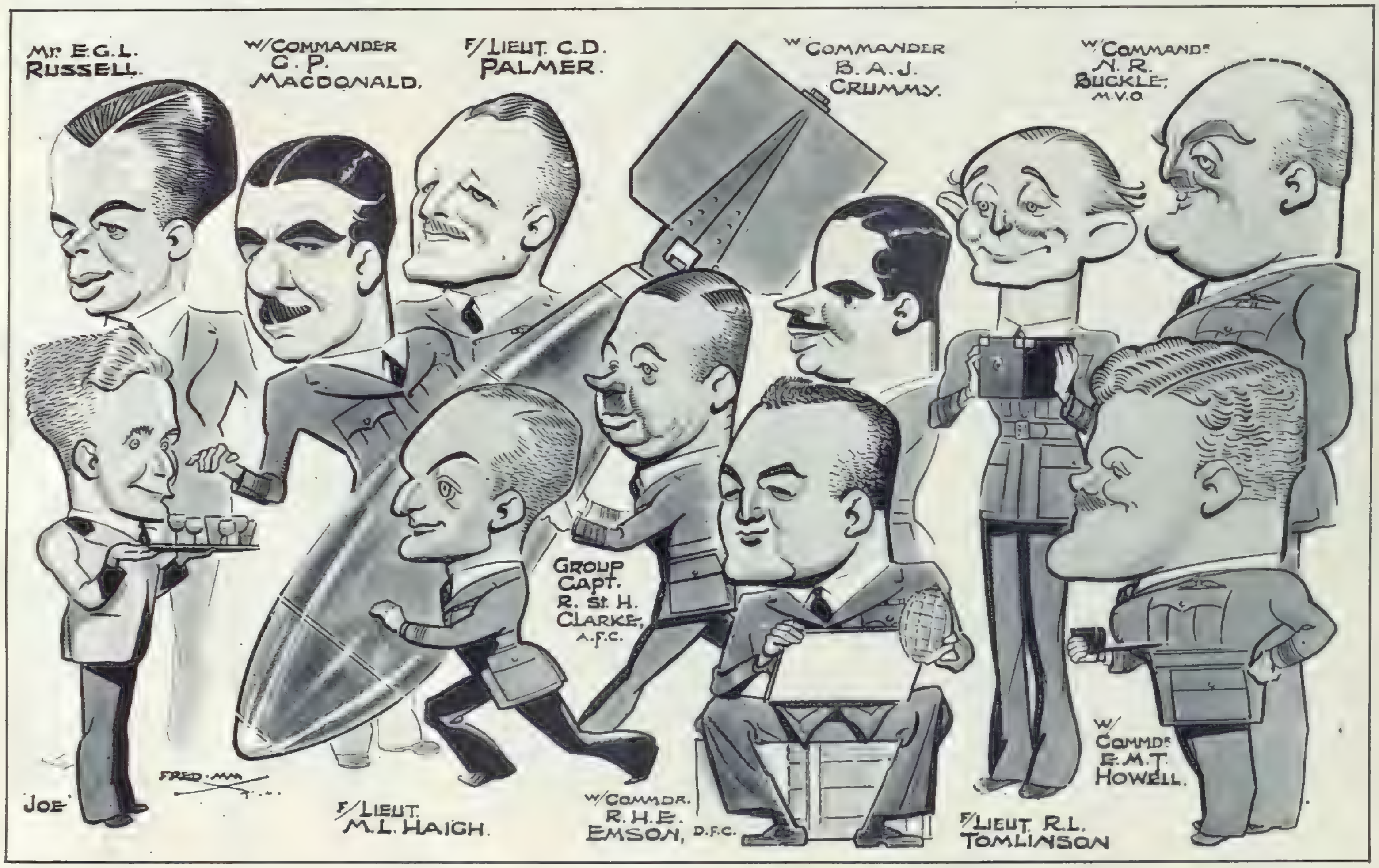
no man ought to write about the war without a sword in his left hand and the ache of a wound in his body.

What a reduction in war literature there would be, and perhaps in wars, too, if this ideal were carried out!

**Love in a Cathedral City.** "Singing Tree" opens with a very pleasant description of the little city of Headley, with its great Cathedral and its college, an island in the surrounding Fens. Monica Cheyney's father is a Canon of the Cathedral; Jasper Middleton's father is headmaster of the college: the life of the precincts, a quiet, neighbourly life, full of small tasks and time-honoured festivities, flows round them. Jasper is brilliant and wayward, the author of a play which has made its mark in London; Monica, his friend from childhood, is deeply in love with him, but so reserved and restrained is her demeanour that he has no idea of it. He himself has fallen in love with Meg, a beautiful London girl, whose hard, worldly efficient mother has given the daughter a bad inferiority complex. The story develops on rather original lines at first, with Monica making friends with Meg and trying to cure her of her sense of general inadequacy. Meg does not feel equal to anything, least of all to taking on Jasper as a husband. Rebuffed and wounded, Jasper joins the Air Force, and soon becomes an ace, but his emotional state makes him an easy prey to the designs of Benedetta, leading lady in his play and a first-rate vamp. Again Monica's good offices are required; with the help of the doctor she delivers Jasper from the clutches of the harpy, and though he crashes in the air-raid that follows the gaudy night, it is with honour, not with disgrace. . . .

I think Miss Kathleen Wallace has keyed her story too high; her gift is for tender, quiet scenes, not for the kind of melodrama in which a bad woman, balked of her prey, strikes a good one across the face. Moreover, as Monica proceeds ever farther on the path of self-sacrificing virtue, she tends to become rather priggish, and the author, for whom she is almost too much a heroine, aids and abets her. In the end, whenever she appears, the stage direction might run: "Enter Monica. All kneel." How difficult it is to portray a noble character successfully! So few novelists make the attempt that we must forgive Miss Wallace if hers does not quite come off.

**Crime in a University Town.** The University of Stamford had more than its proper share of wartime difficulties and anxieties. Not only were some of its colleges taken over by the Services, but those that remained of its depleted staff were affected by the atmosphere of restlessness and strain. The Coles have rendered this atmosphere with so much skill, and so engaged our sympathy for the characters in their inward unhappiness, that the murder, when it comes, is almost an excrescence; the people have become so interesting that one leaves them with regret for the well-worn paths of motive and opportunity, of the dagger and the alibi. Conforming to the exigencies of the plot, they lose some of their individuality. The murderer's terse and restrained exposition of the circumstances leading to the crime hardly seems adequate. Surely some less tragic means of attaining the desired result could have been devised. Still, if sweet reasonableness became the rule, murder would disappear, and with it such interesting and enjoyable stories as "Dagger in the Dark."

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**BOOKS REVIEWED.**

The Gay Galliard. By Margaret Irwin. (*Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6s.*)
The Pool of Memory. By Phillips Oppenheim. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.*)
Singing Tree. By Kathleen Wallace. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Dagger in the Dark. By G. D. H. and M. Cole. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

*The thirtieth of our* NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

# SPARE-TIME, STAGE AND REPOSE POSES BY PATRICIA BURKE.

PATRICIA BURKE, of "Up and Doing," at the Saville, realises that one of the secrets of success is to know how to relax. Here she is demonstrating her faculty for dozing off for a few moments after an encore number. She has just curled up on the floor and gone to sleep like a tired child.

*Knitting for the Navy occupies a good deal of Miss Burke's spare time. She sends her full quota of scarves, gloves and pullovers to keep our sailors warm.*

*Limbering up before going on the stage is important. This is a bending and breathing exercise.*

"You'd better go now." PATRICIA BURKE giving one of her best numbers in "Up and Doing." She's the clever and talented twenty-four-year-old daughter of Tom and Marie Burke; made her first London stage appearance at the Gate in 1933; and has gone straight ahead ever since.

*Left: Breathe out and bend forward! Patricia demonstrates one of her exercises.*

# TAKING CARE OF THE MATER.*

By BELTON COBB.

WHEN Kendrick returned from the Old Bailey, Bryan, who had been watching at the window, said "Thank God! Now we shall know."

They all went into the hall to meet him: his wife, Sarah, with nervous impatience, Bryan and Gertrude more slowly, because even at such a moment as this they must not forget their dignity. Kendrick opened the dining-room door and ushered them in, where the servants couldn't hear. Then he said, "Guilty. He has got two years. And if I had been the Judge and jury I couldn't have done anything different. The evidence—his counsel had really nothing to say."

Gertrude repeated, "Two years? Two *years*? Oh, how terrible!" Sarah said, "Poor Charles!" Bryan picked her up sharply: "You needn't be sorry for *him*, Sarah. As Kendrick says, he was obviously guilty. Two years seems to me pretty lenient. But that 's not the point. The question is what *we* are going to do about it. And the answer to that is not so difficult, after all: we haven't any choice. We 've got to keep our ends up and"—he gesticulated rather helplessly—"and live the thing down. My advice is, don't say 'Poor Charles!' but don't say 'The dirty dog!' either. The line I shall take is that Charles wasn't like the rest of us—obviously he can't have been. We 're sahibs, everyone knows that. I shall talk about those illnesses he had as a boy, rather giving the impression that they made him unstable. Everyone will know now that he is an embezzler, but it must remain as clear as it always was that neither Kendrick nor I could ever do anything that wasn't absolutely straight."

There was a murmured chorus of approval. Sarah said suddenly, "But what about the Mater?"

Bryan answered, "That 's more difficult. She mustn't know. I 'm no doctor, but I should say it would kill her."

"I don't see," said Gertrude, "how we can keep it from her. It 's true that she can't see to read the papers, and we can tell Nurse and the servants to keep quiet. But what are we going to *say*—for two whole years?"

"We 've got to give her an explanation of his not coming to see her," retorted Bryan. "When a woman is nearly eighty and as ill as the Mater is, she can't stand a shock like this. I 'm afraid there is only one thing to do." He looked round the room, inviting admiration at the way he, as head of the family, was shouldering a distasteful responsibility. "I 'm afraid," he went on, "I 'm afraid—well, we 've got to lie. Personally, I think it is justified. Either we fix on a story and all tell it consistently, or we let out the truth—and the Mater dies from the shock. There is no choice there, obviously. Don't you agree, Kendrick?"

His brother seemed to come out of a dream. "What?" he said. "Oh, of course. I spoke to Dr. Kippin about it: he was certain the news would kill her."

"Exactly," said Bryan. "Then the only question is, what story are we going to tell? I propose we say the Government has sent him to the States, on some Finance Commission."

Gertrude looked doubtful. "He 'd still be able to write," she suggested.

"We 'll manage that," said Bryan. "Kendrick and I will get together on it. We know the sort of screed he used to write to the Mater: we 'll put something together and read it aloud to her. Nurse mustn't see it, of course—she 'd know the writing wasn't his. But if we keep it in our own hands, there won't be any difficulty. Not a thing I 'd like doing in the ordinary way," he added, "but now it is justified."

. . . . .

Kendrick lit his eighth cigarette since tea. It was so confoundedly difficult not to be nervy under all this worry. These cursed people who wouldn't wait for money—hang it all, he wasn't trying to bilk them, they must know his family didn't do that kind of thing, but they had got to wait. Not a bit of use telling him to produce money he hadn't got, like some damned conjurer. They seemed to think, some of them, that he could go on borrowing indefinitely against his inheritance, whereas it must be pretty obvious that he had taken all he could get on that score, years ago. So now they had just *got* to wait—wait till the old lady died. Hang it, she was practically eighty, couldn't possibly last long. . . .

She 'd die now, if she knew about Charles. Dr. Kippin had said that, as well as Bryan. Bryan had said they had to take care of the Mater. Taking care of her—keeping her lying helpless in that bed, with nothing to live for. Pretty cruel, really, keeping her like that, with horrible bouts of pain every few weeks. Poor old Mater, you could bet she 'd rather die. . . .

Fifteen thousand pounds, that would be his share, more or less. Fifteen thousand pounds. . . .

. . . . .

Kendrick sat by the Mater's bedside. In his hand was the letter which Bryan and he had concocted that afternoon, describing the Statue of Liberty and New York as seen from the top of the Woolworth Building. Bryan, exhausted by literary effort, had gone round to the Club for a drink. Gertrude had gone out to tea. Sarah was downstairs, doubtless planning some extravagance, poor innocent dear, which in due course would mean yet another bill. Nurse was safely out of the way, on "her afternoon." The maids wouldn't come up to the bedroom at this time of day. There was no one, in fact, who could overhear what was said in the next ten minutes in the Mater's bedroom.

The Mater's hand moved, gropingly, over the counterpane. "Wait a minute, Kendrick," she said. "Before you start reading, I want to feel his letter. I want my fingers to go where his went when he wrote to me."

He suddenly felt beastly about that. Deceiving the old lady like this was too dirty a trick. A little while ago he had said something of that sort to Bryan, and Bryan had answered that it was quite justified.

Kendrick glanced down at his mother's very frail form and assured himself again, as he had done so many times in the last few days, that death would be more merciful for her than living. And although he felt glad that he had had that stiff drink before coming upstairs, he felt that what he was going to do was justified—more than that, that it was really an act of mercy.

The Mater's weak voice said slowly: "I wish he hadn't gone to America."

Kendrick crunched the letter in his hand as he suddenly bent low across the bed.

"Mater," he whispered, "Charles is not in America!"

She started quite visibly.

"Kendrick! Not in America? Where is he, then?"

He moistened his lips, which had suddenly gone dry. "Charles is in prison," he said. "He embezzled two thousand pounds from his firm. He has gone to prison for two years."

It was so terrible to see the palpitation of her heart, to see the bed-clothes rising and falling over her frantic, painful breathing, that he had to look away. And in that moment, by himself because he dared not look at her, terror swept over him. He had killed her—his own mother! Deliberately, because of that money. He had murdered her. He was sweating violently and he felt very sick. Supposing he was found out—supposing, instead of dying at once in this heart attack, she lived long enough to tell Bryan or Dr. Kippin what he had done! A horrible Grand Guignol play in a condemned cell flashed into his mind. He dug his finger-nails fiercely into his palms, struggling for self-control, but panic seized him. He had got to see that she died before she could tell. However he did it—and there was no time now to think—he must kill her quickly. A knife or anything, before she could speak. His glaring eyes were held by a heavy glass candlestick.

But as his trembling hand stretched out towards it, he became conscious of the silence in the room. He tried to stop his own heavy, irregular breathing, so that he could listen for hers. He could not hear it: she must be dead.

The panic left him, but not the horror. He did not realise now that he had killed her, but only that by the mercy of God he had been saved from that awful act of beating, smashing in the quiet face of his mother.

Suddenly, while he sat there, weak and trembling, he heard a sound from the bed. He turned swiftly and saw his mother lying there, very small, very delicate, but with a smile on her lips. She was not dead. "I always thought he 'd do something like that," she murmured. "He was so erratic, so weak. Such a dear boy. All these years I 've expected something like this to happen. Poor Charles, poor boy!"

She was silent for a minute. When she spoke again he could hardly hear her voice. "Did you say two years, Kendrick? You must ask Dr. Kippin to come in the morning and do what he can, to keep me alive. I thought I had nothing to live for, but I have now, haven't I?"

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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# WOMEN IN WARTIME

IMPORTANT features of the ensemble above are the excellence of cut, perfect tailoring and simple, nevertheless flattering, lines. It may be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. It is one of the new checked tweeds which has been used for its fashioning. The dress has a plain top, and is trimmed with check to harmonise with the skirt, and the sleeves are short. The skirt is arranged with pleats, hence the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. As will be seen, the short coat buttons smartly down the front. In many of the suits the coats are slightly waisted and reinforced with a rather full basque.

## PLEATS AND PANELS

## SIMPLE WASHING-FROCKS

NOWADAYS great care is essential when replenishing the wardrobe, and there is nowhere where economy may be practised more pleasantly than at Liberty's (Regent Street) Smock and Overall Department. There are long and short models made in the prettiest materials imaginable, some with dark and some with light backgrounds. On the right above is an overall which may take the place of a dress. It slips on in the fraction of a second and is designed in such a way that it may be easily laundered. Wool and also cotton materials are used for the smocks.

IT is such a relief to be able to cast aside uniforms and other working outfits and step into a frock that has amusingly been called a relaxation model. This title may well be bestowed on the simple affair below. It is carried out in Courtauld's heavy-quality tested crêpe. As will be seen, the bodice is box-pleated from the shoulder to the waist, where it is finished with a belt, below which is a hip yoke, whence falls another series of pleats. They are arranged in such a manner that they remain in position—an idea that appeals to all women of discernment.

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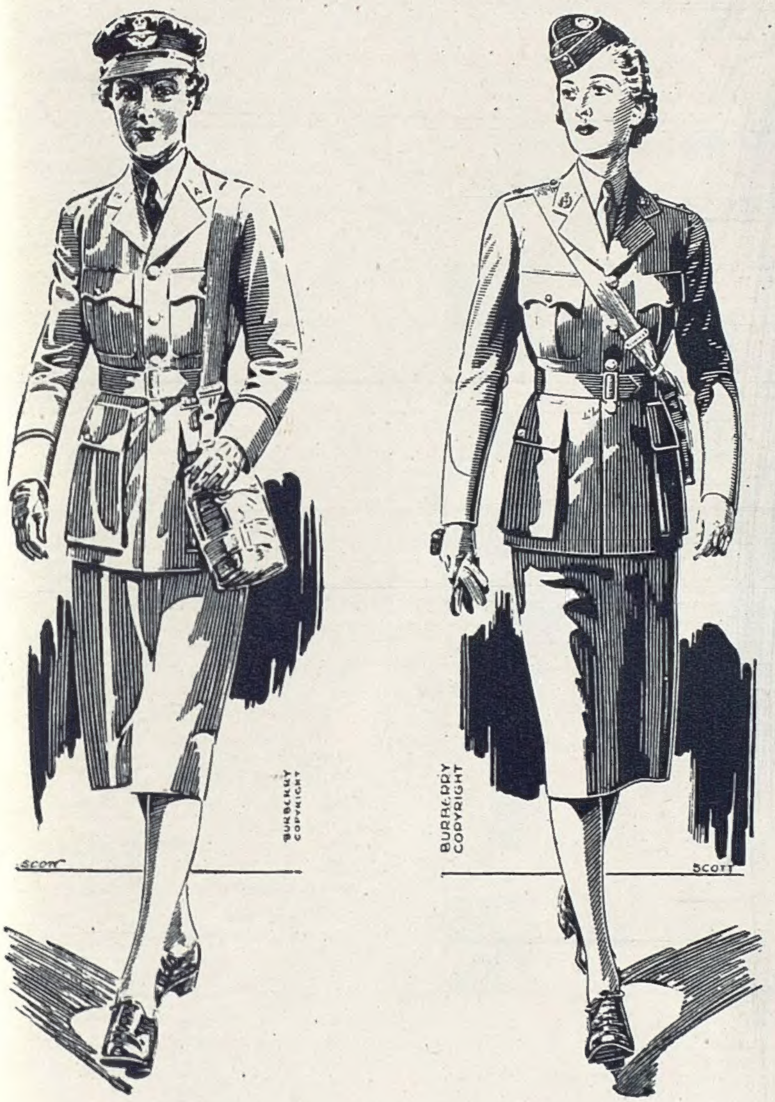


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# CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

"FIRE-WATCHERS, a good many of them are," said The Broker, looking round the big room. "I generally come here for dinner when it 's my night. You get a square meal——"

"Some of the other railway companies' restaurants are quite good. Have you done the round of the London stations? I mean, the restaurants attached to the hotels."

"I 've been to several," said The Engineer. "And I think it 's surprising how well they feed you, considering we 're at war."

"I hope we 're going to see good dividends this month from our railways."

"I shall be disappointed if we don't," declared The City Editor. "The market is going for about the same as a year ago, I believe."

"By the way, when the papers tell you that 'the market says so-and-so,' what do they mean by 'the market'?"

"The chap who writes the stuff, of course," replied The Jobber promptly.

"I don't think that 's altogether fair," The City Editor protested. "The chap who writes the stuff, as you call him, probably co-ordinates the opinions he has received from half a dozen of you fellows in the House."

"Who may simply be expressing their own opinions."

"Maybe, but most likely they have heard views from dealers in the market."

"Views that are usually given pretty cautiously," The Broker mentioned.

"But this February's dividends——"

"About the same as those of a yeai ago. I know you 're going to say that the public won't buy Home Rails. That doesn 't convince me the stocks aren't cheap, all the same."

"The public are out for shares in companies that have good post-war prospects: I 've told you that before."

"Berwick 3 per cent. debenture at anything like 80 looks cheap to me," observed The Merchant. "I can't see what will stop its going better when the gilt-edged stocks come into demand again."

"When will that be?"

"In the first week of March, when the India requisitioned money begins to get circulated. Isn't that right, Sir?" he appealed to The Broker. "You are keen on Old Consols, aren't you?"

"Five points lower down, I was. And I think there 's a further rise coming. People know the stock——"

"'The sweet simplicity of
Consols
Consoles.'"

"Why doesn't the Bank of England pay the dividend half-yearly, instead of quarterly? Consols, Local Loans, India $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and a number of other stocks get four dividends a year. Think of the work and paper that would be saved by cutting down the payments to a couple, instead of four, per annum."

"You must suggest that to Mr. Montagu Norman the next time you see him in Lothbury. . . . Can I have another roll, please, Waiter?"

"That reminds me. McDougalls ought to be good post-war shares."

"Fine. So are Lyons. Yes: they look high, we know, but investment insists upon having that type of thing. Haven't Murex gone ahead since we were last talking about them! I 've a profit of nearly a pound a share on mine."

"And you will have more than a pound if you keep them. . . . Lot of people here to-night, Waiter."

"About the same as usual, Sir. And they tell me the West End places are pretty crowded, too. Service officers and men on leave, I take it. . . . Coming, Sir."

"I know it 's difficult to buy hotel shares," said The Broker. "Post-war prospects again."

"The shares that look high to me," The Merchant observed, "are Associated Portland Cements. On their dividend outlook, I fail to see why they should stand as high as they do."

"That 's an outstanding case of after-the-war hopes. The Company has a wonderful expansion awaiting it, and clients are prepared to put up with a meagre yield for the time being."

"Are there no companies that are benefiting here and now?"

"Plenty, my laddie, but most of them get caught in the E.P.T. net and they have little chance of increasing their dividends. The cinemas are doing wonderful business, according to a pal of mine who 's in the trade."

"Cinemas might get 'blitzed'."

"That 's one of the snags. But you 've got to take risks, whatever you buy."

"Not much risk in Savings Bonds or Defence Threes."

"That 's what I 'm always telling my clients. I say it 's better to be safe than sorry." The Broker's attempt to look extremely virtuous was somewhat marred by his knocking over a coffee-cup.

"That 's all right, Sir. I 'm here," said the waiter. "Let me get you a little more."

"Very efficient service," commented The Engineer. "What do you think of your Stock Exchange proposal about the men in the fighting forces, Brokie?"

"Making members pay ten guineas a year while they 're serving? It 's hard on some of them, certainly, who have lost all their business and have only their pay to rely upon."

"Fivepence ha'penny an hour, my son gets. He 's a subaltern, a member of the House, and hasn't had a penny from his firm since he joined up at two bob a day."

"Why not have two classes of serving members?" The City Editor suggested. "One for those who are sharing in their firm's profits, and another for chaps who are drawing nothing at all."

"Drawing no dividends from their qualification share either," The Jobber added, "and, moreover, seeing their Nomination down to a couple of hundred pounds."

"If you have two classes," said The Broker, "this will entail a Means Test. And that 's against all Stock Exchange principles. It 's a very difficult problem."

"So you think my subaltern son had better——"

"Ask his fond father to buy him a few West African tin shares, such as Jantar, for instance——"

"Rather than Cornish tin?"

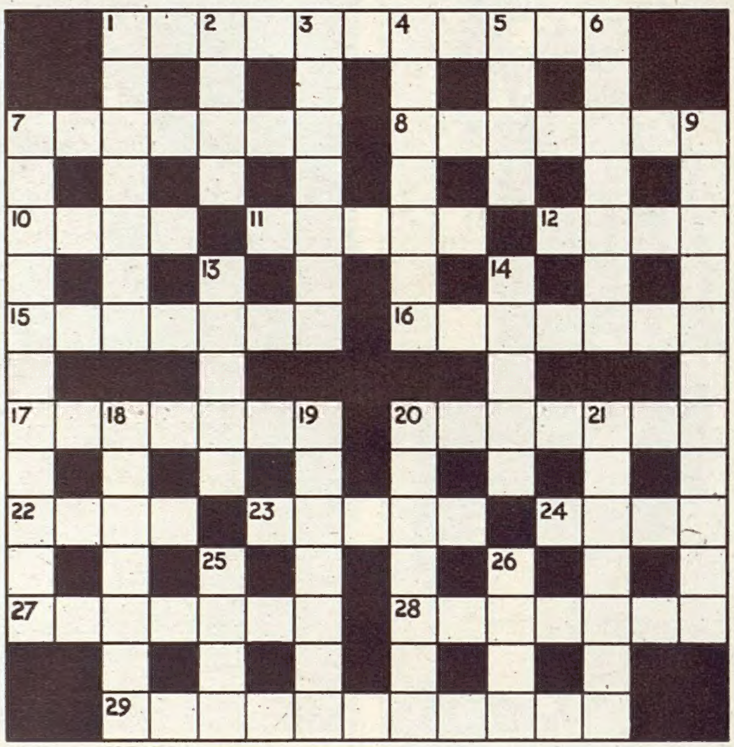
"Now, they 're risky, if you like!"

"Well," said The Jobber, as they got up from the table, "if it 's a question of West African tin shares *versus* a Test of Means, I know which I 'd vote for."

"Aha!" The Broker chuckled. "Now you 've said a mouthful. Because we all know that you have West African tin shares, anyway!"

*Friday, February 6, 1942.*

## "THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. For hired sox go to this part of England (11).
7. This rope, as Sambo might put it, would indicate a lack of harmony (7).
8. This cup is always drunk mounted (7).
10. Seldom used muscle in the wrist (4).
11. The unheeding schoolboy repeated the formula for this liquid as HIJKLMNO (5).
12. Nags back (4).
15. A moment occurring this month (7).
16. Al's opus, very much revised, used for the wedding (7).
17. According to the schoolboy howler, this is a menagerie lion running round the world (7).
20. A tumbledown erection in Africa (7).
22. Ducks and drakes (4).
23. Wakes all upset. Why, I ask you? (5).
24. Before looking backward observe the volcano (4).
27. Means of ascension occurring in hosiery (7).
28. I go before a disturbed smoker. It 's very wearying (7).
29. Mark dresses they make (11).

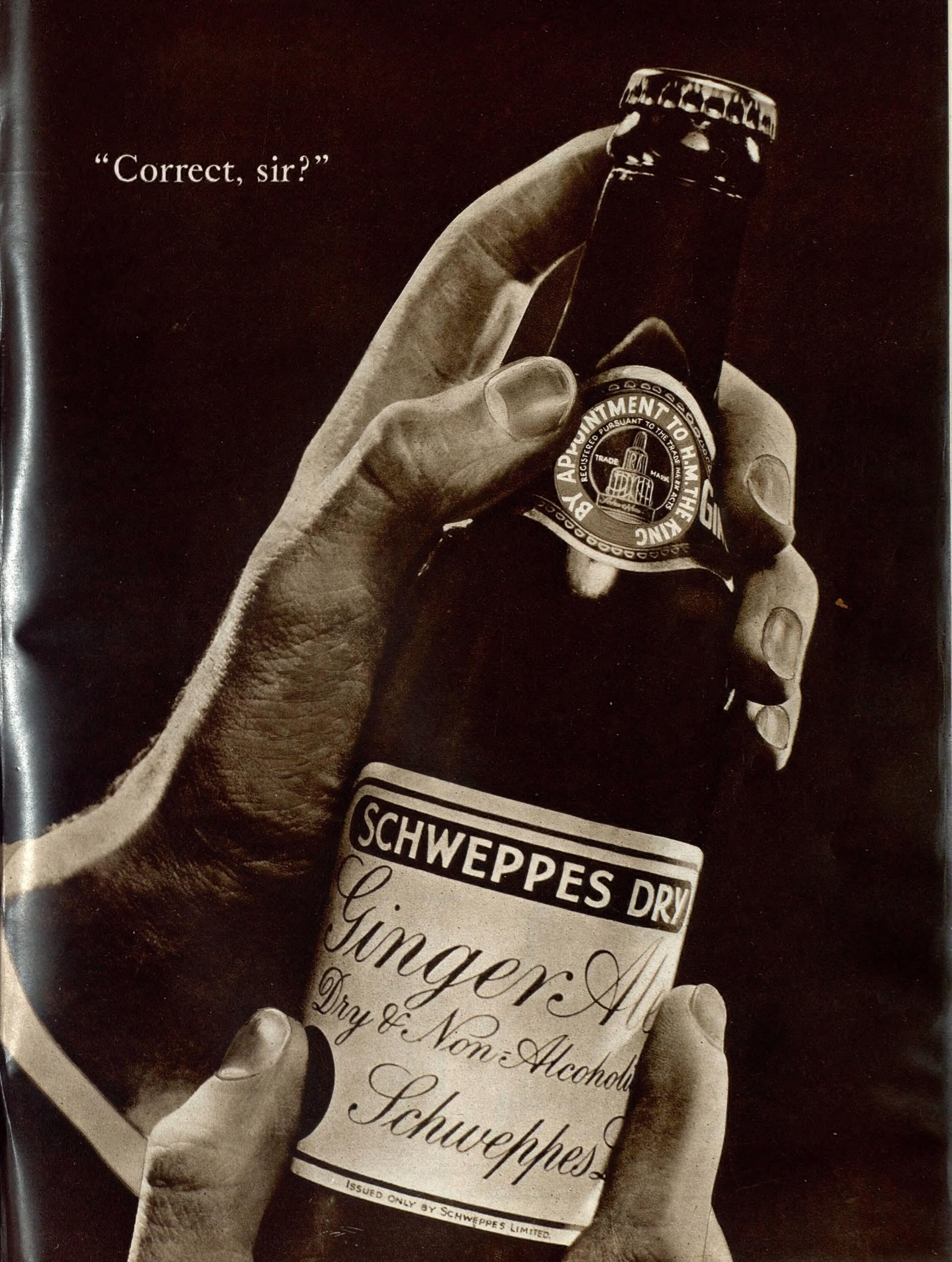
DOWN.

1. Audible edibles? (7).
2. Measure a horseman places in No. 8 (4).
3. Glowing (7).
4. Monte Carlo methods (7).
5. Hidden in "This is a river in No. 1 Across" (4).
6. Rouses a violent passion and puts years on in the end (7).
7. Injurious to inter late M.D. all broken up (11).
9. A much better position for this clue would have been at No. 28 (11).
13. Squander a stew all hashed up (5).
14. A famous South African (5).
18. You should solve this without any assistance whatever (7).
19. Holds out (7).
20. In camera, all broken up, I show a big slice of the earth (7).
21. Many have been fused into one in No. 20 Down (7).
25. Unreliable counsel? (4).
26. A high British island? (4).

### SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JANUARY 28.

ACROSS.—1. Vauxhall. 5. Vestal. 9. Liberate. 10. Livery. 11. Orifices. 13. Turret. 14. Rim. 16. Euchre. 19. Strolls. 20. Jangle. 21. Ace. 26. Meaner. 27. Osnaburg. 28. Oliver. 29. Throstle. 30. Setose. 31. Swaggers.

DOWN.—1. Villon. 2. Umbria. 3. Herein. 4. Letter. 6. Exiguous. 7. Thearchy. 8. Layettes. 12. Sirocco. 15. Ate. 16. Elf. 17. Sjamboks. 18. Annalist. 19. Sleepers. 22. Eschew. 23. Sarong. 24. Bustle. 25. Egress.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## I REMEMBER—I REMEMBER

"Well—if it isn't old Thomas—what brings you to these outlandish parts?"

"*The slowest train in the universe. What are you doing here yourself?*"

"Putting salt on the tail of the unsavoury Herrenvolk—or more strictly, depth charges. Remember the last time we met?"

"*Do I not! Outside the Tavern at Lords, the summer before the war. You stood me a slap-up dinner that night.*"

"I did. And you stood me a show afterwards. Then we went to a night club."

"*Then on to another.*"

"And strolled down Piccadilly in the cool light of dawn, mingling cigar smoke with the pure morning air."

"*And not a trace of a headache either. We'd mixed our drinks but finished with Rose's Lime Juice, being well acquainted with the ropes.*"

"Not much Rose's about these days, unfortunately."

"*Haven't seen a bottle for weeks. Still, there's bound to be plenty after the war. Where shall we meet?*"

"Why not outside the Tavern at Lords?"

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